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POWER AND GOOD.

BY S. U. W.

How can I sing! All power, all good,
The high designs and hopes of yore,
Knowledge, and faith, and love—the food
That fed the fire of song,—are o'er;

And I, in darkness and alone,
Sit cowering o'er the embers drear.
Remembering how, of old, it shone
A light to guide—a warmth to cheer,

Oh! when shall care and strife be o'er,
And torn affection cease to smart;
And peace and love return once more
To cheer a sad and restless heart?

The lamp of hope is quenched in night,
And dull is friendship's soul-bright eye,
And quenched the hearth of home-delight,
And mute the voice of phantasy.

I seek for comfort all in vain,
I fly to shadows for relief,
And call old fancies back again,
And breathe on pleasure's withered leaf,

In vain for days gone by I mourn,
And feebly murmur, o'er and o'er
My fretful cry—Return! Return!
Alas! the dead return no more!

It may not be; my lot of thrall
Was dealt me by a mightier hand;
The grief that came not at my call,
Will not depart at my command.

Then ask me not, sweet friend, to wake
The harp, so dear to thee of yore;
Wait, till the clouds of sorrow break,
And I can hope and love once more.

When pain has done its part assigned,
And set the chastened spirit free,
My heart once more a voice shall find,
And its first notes be poured for thee!

MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

JESS looked at him for a fleeting moment, and then at the ledge again.

"I don't know!" she murmured, almost inaudibly. "I don't know! It is all so sudden, so—so unexpected! I did not think you—"

The crimson stole to her face, and her head dropped in sweet confusion and sweeter shame, so that, seeing it, he had hard work to keep from clasping her in his arms. But he dared not risk it, dared not frighten this beautiful, timid bird, still fluttering beyond his reach, but whom he hoped to cage within his heart.

"Tell me, Jess; answer me!" he said.

"But I will be very gentle, very patient. I will not press you, will not force you to answer. Don't you know whether you love me or not, Jess?"

"No," she breathed. "But I think—" He drew her nearer to him, would have the kiss that would have sealed her his, upon the quivering lips, but she put her hand against his breast, and with gentle pressure kept her lips from his.

"Wait!" she panted. "Let me tell you! You shall decide. In truth, I do not know! You are—the first who has ever spoken to me of—love!" Her eyes fell, but she raised them heavily, and looked up at him with divine modesty and solemnity. "Until I came down here to my father, I had never met any one who could so speak to me—why, I am only a schoolgirl still! And how can I know whether—whether I——"

"Dearest!" he breathed, gently. "But go on; I shall be very patient."

"When you—you were kind to me in the train, I thought of you, I wondered who you were; that is all. I thought I should not have cared if I had never seen you again. Then there was the ball. And—and somehow, I was glad when you came in. Even when—when we quarreled, I was not so angry as I should have been—was I?"

"Dearest!" was all he could say, and though hope was beginning to flame within his breast he still restrained himself.

"Then"—she glanced over her shoulder at the ledge of rock—"then you came the other day, and saved me, when I was almost dead with fear, and—and—I was glad—glad that it was you, and not another man. Oh! Stop—wait! Let me tell you all! You shall decide!"

"Go on, dearest."

"Since then I have—have thought of you every day; and last night——"

She stopped and looked at him, half troubled.

"Well?" he whispered. "Last night? Tell me, Jess—were you angry with me?"

"No," she said, as if she had vowed to tell the whole truth.

"Were you sorry?"

"N-o."

His hands laid over hers, still on his breast, grew tighter.

"Would you have been sorry, if I had not come this morning, Jess, if, say, I had met with an accident, been thrown from my horse, or—or—been shot?"

She shuddered, and drew a little nearer to him.

"Ah—don't!" she wailed. "It is cruel—cruel to say that."

His arms closed round her, and he gathered her close to him.

"Jess, Jess! My dearest—my darling!" he said, with a catch in his passionate voice. "I have decided! It's—you love me! You love me, a little only, perhaps—not as I love you! But you love me, dearest! Say it, Jess—whisper it! Say 'Yes, Bruce, I love you.'"

With her face hidden on his breast she whispered—

"Yes, Bruce, I love you."

"Give me one kiss that I may believe it."

She blushed over face and neck, and seemed to think for a moment—she had never kissed any man excepting her father—then she raised herself on tip-toe, and touched his lips with hers—timidly, modestly. And the kiss—the first pure kiss he had received since his mother's death—went straight to the heart of Bruce Ravenhurst, and filled it with a joy too sacred to be lightly written of.

"My Jess! My angel!" he murmured, hoarse, brokenly; and he returned the kiss, not with the violence and passion, but with the reverence of true and sacred love.

He drew her to a bank, and she sat down, and he lay at her feet, her hand clasped in his, his eyes dwelling on hers and so they remained in silence for a time, while the birds and the river sang Nature's psalm of love, and the sun shone through its pearly clouds as if in benediction and consecration.

'By George! is there any man in this wide world half so happy as I am at this moment?" he said at last. "Tell me, Jess—you are not sorry?"

"Sorry?" She looked down at the handsome face, upturned to hers, with a subdued rapture in her eyes—not gray now, but a tender, violet hue. "No, I am not sorry."

"And, please God, you never shall be, dearest!" he said, pressing his lips to her hand. "From this moment, I am going to devote my life to making you happy!"

"It will not be very hard work," she said, with a smile of mingled archness and tenderness. "You have only to go on—loving me—Bruce!"

He had hard work at that moment, at any rate, to refrain from putting his arms round her and crushing her to him.

"Go on loving you, dearest!" he said, with a laugh. "Yes, that will be easy enough. Why, you witch, I wonder whether you have any idea how bewitching, how beautiful, you are!"

She looked at him, doubtingly.

"Oh! no, no!" she said, half smilingly, half anxiously. "You think so because—because——"

"I love you, eh?" He laughed, and, stretching himself full length, looked up at her with love-lit, admiring eyes. "Oh, no! I am not the only one, Jess. There is my father——"

"The earl," she said, as if his words had reminded her that there were other persons existing in this strangely beautiful world than this king of hers. "Bruce—will he—will your father be glad; or will he be sorry, angry? I have not thought of that! I have not thought of anything but——"

"Me?" he said, softly, touched to the heart by her sweet, girlish frankness, her absolute confidence and surrender.

"Yes. What will he say—Bruce?"

His name came with delicious hesitation from her lips.

"I know what a difference there is between us. My father has spoken of it more than once. You are a nobleman, and I—. Will your father be angry?"

Ravenhurst's heart smote him. If she only knew that the earl—with Benson at his back—actually desired their marriage; not for love's sake, but for money's! But she must never know, never! Even at that moment he could have cursed Benson and all his sordid schemes.

Why hadn't he kept them to himself, and left him, Ravenhurst, to win this angel, this flower amongst women without any prompting and egging on.

"Jess," he said, "set your mind at rest on that score." He spoke with a sudden gravity that made Jess look at him with faint wonder. "My father fell in love with you at first sight, and he will be glad—glad, I say, beyond words, when I tell him that you have promised to be my wife."

"That is strange," she said, dreamily, "Why should he be? There must be so many more women better fitted to be your—wife than I am! Think of all the grand ladies you have met, Bruce, and then think of poor little me! Only just from school, and knowing nothing of the world—your world, especially. No dearest"—the word had slipped out, and as she heard it the blush rose to her face, and she looked away—"No; I am not worthy to be your wife."

He took the edge of her dress and kissed it, with a sudden pallor in his face.

"Never say that again, Jess," he said, almost sternly. "It—it sounds like mockery to me!"

"Mockery?" she echoed, gazing at him wonderingly, with her pure innocent eyes.

"Yes," he responded. "Mockery, Jess. No man is worthy of an innocent, pure-hearted girl! Mark me—no man! And I am the most unworthy."

Jess looked at him with a faint smile on her lips, and an incredulous tenderness in her eyes.

It seemed so strange to her to hear him talking like this, him who seemed almost perfect to her in the glamor of her love.

"Why, what have you been doing?" she said. "Is it anything very dreadful? Stop; let me think. You look so grave, so stern." Her fingers touched his hair softly, timidly, and his head bent lower under the caress. "I think I could tell you all your faults," she said. "Shall I? I will, if you will promise not to retaliate and tell me mine."

"Go on," he said.

"To begin with, then," she said, with an air of gravity belied by the smile in her eyes, "I should think you were very lazy."

"Right the first time," he said. "I am the laziest beggar under the sun."

"Unless there was anything great to be done," she went on; "such as fighting a battle, or knocking down an impertinent traveler, or rescuing damsels in distress. And I should say you are very extravagant; this is only a guess on my part, but I've always read that the sons of lords and persons of high degree are extravagant."

"I spend every penny I get," he said.

"So do I," said Jess. "And as to temper—are you a very bad temper, Bruce?"

"Frightful!" he said. "We all are, always have been; it runs in the family. We are like gunpowder; you've only to throw a match into it, and away it goes; we are lazy and indolent as tortoises—but we flare up at a word or a look, and then there's the deuce to pay."

Jess laughed, and clasped her knees with her hands.

"That's delightful," she said. "I hate stupid people, who never get into a temper; they're always sullen, and sulk, and mope. We had a girl at school like that, and she was the most unhappy little wretch you can possibly imagine. And I suppose you are selfish?"

"Very!" he assented. "Men always are, you know. It's your fault."

"And it's all because of these—that you say you are not worthy to be my—husband?" Her voice had dropped at the last word, so that it was scarcely audible. "Or have you killed someone in one of your fits of temper?"

He looked up at her, and then away again. Her innocence, her absolute faith in him, smote him with remorse. He had never met a girl like her.

To most of the women whom he knew, even the youngest of them, no further words would have been necessary. They would have understood and pardoned him—all too readily.

At that moment he hated the women of his set as he compared them with this pure flower of girlhood.

He would say no more; indeed, how could he tell her of the great folly of his past? Jess was ignorant of the existence even of such women as Deborah. His should not be the hand to roughly brush the bloom from her purity.

CHAPTER XIV.

AND yet—if he could have told her something of the shadow that clouded his life, something vague and indistinct, but yet enough to ease her conscience, and clear the way before them; so that there should be no possibility in the future, when perhaps she would learn the story of his connection with Deborah, of her saying to him—"Why did you deceive me?"

But he could not; and so the first link was forged in the chain which Fate winds round so many lives.

"Now, I'll take back what I said, and you shall have your innings now, and tell me all my faults—that is, all you know. For, of course, you don't know all of them. Why you scarcely know me."

"All right," he said, and he took out his pipe mechanically, but put it back."

"Yes, smoke," she said. "I like it, and it may make you more lenient. I've heard that men are always good-tempered when they're smoking."

He lit a cigarette instead of the pipe, and, looking before him with an air of judicial

severity, said, "First—first, you are very proud, Jess."

"Right, the first time," she said, daintily mimicking his deep tones, and he had hard work to refrain from kissing her.

"Secondly—secondly, you are perfect. Now, that's a great fault, Jess, and I trust, as your future husband, you will endeavor to eradicate it!"

"I will," she said, touching his coat sleeve and laughing softly. "I will try and be as wicked as you are. I will try and imitate you in everything; you will see what a monster of bad temper, and extravagance, and selfishness I can become! Oh, it will be deliciously easy! And, then, what a charming pair we shall make, shan't we, Bruce?"

He drew a long breath. Her innocent raillery struck home.

"We will be a happy pair, at any rate, dearest," he said. "You'll find out all too soon what a bad lot you've bought in the matrimonial market. But, before Heaven, I'll try to make you happy."

"You will not need to try too hard," she whispered.

"What a time we'll have," he said, looking up at her, the cloud gone from his brows, his eyes shining with love's content for the present and love's faith in the bright future, radiant with the sunlight of happiness. "I can't think how I've managed to live without you all these years, Jess. It seems to me as if I had been waiting for you ever since I can remember. Think what an awful thing it is that you and I have been separated all this long, long time!"

"That sounds like poetry," she said, making a pillow of her palms for her chin to rest in. "I've read somewhere that everyone has a twin soul, and that they go wandering and wailing about the world in search of each other. Sometimes they meet, and then they're very happy, and sometimes they don't, and then they're always dissatisfied and yearning for something, they can't tell what. Do you think our souls are twins, Bruce?"

"I'm sure of it," he said.

"And they met in a railway train; how funny!" she laughed, softly.

"And they don't part again," he said. "We shall be together always; think of it, Jess!"

"I am thinking of it," she said, naively.

"I'll take you abroad," he said. "I'll show you all the big sights; you shall go where you please, and do just what you like; and I'll be your slave, a kind of big dog, to trot at your side, and show you the way and protect you!"

"As if I were a blind beggar!" she laughed.

"And then when we come back to Ravenhurst, or one of the other places, I'll teach you to ride and you shall follow the hounds, and we'll set an example of domestic felicity which will make even Mrs. Burgess sit up and stare."

"That would be delightful!" said Jess.

"Yes, so delightful that the sooner we begin it the better. Jess, how soon could you marry me?"

Jess blushed crimson, and drew back her head and looked at him with amazement.

"Oh, how can you ask? Not for years! We've only known each—five minutes."

"I beg your pardon. You forget the twin souls have been looking for each other ever since they were born. Could you marry me next week, Jess? I don't ask you to do so to-morrow—though that would be a long time—but you might think it unreasonably soon; but, say next week, or, at the very latest, the week after."

Her lips parted with a happy little smile. Did ever a man's impatience offend a woman?

"I will tell you some time next year," she said. "And, now I must go. It must be very late, past lunch time, and my father will wonder where I am. What is the time? Is it afternoon, or to-morrow, or what? I don't know; I couldn't tell!"

He drew her towards him and kissed her reverently, tenderly. Then they walked along the bank homeward. At the bridge she stopped.

"Shall I come up with you now, dearest," he asked, "or this afternoon? I will do whichever you please."

"This afternoon," she said, with downcast eyes. "I want to see my father alone—to tell him. It does not seem real!"

"Nor does it to me, Jess'" he said. "It's too good to be true."

They parted—after how many attempts! He would go after her, she would call to him, to say something that she had remembered, and then forget it when he came; and when she went, finally, she looked back where she had left him standing, with a look in her eyes which drew him after her, until she put up her hand and shook her head forbiddingly; but, ah! with what a heavenly smile upon her face!

She trod on air for the rest of the way, wrapped in love's young dream, and she awoke suddenly at the sight of Frank Forde sitting on the Grange gate. His head was in his hands, and he was staring moodily at the smooth gravel; but, as he heard her, he flung himself off the gate and came towards her, with the red in his face which always flew to it at sight of her.

Jess blushed as he came up to her, for it seemed to her that everyone must read her secret in his eyes. He took her hand, and, in her embarrassment, she did not notice how his hand trembled.

"I have been waiting for you," he said.

"I am sorry. I—I have been for a walk. Have you been up to the house? Have you seen my father? He is always so glad to see you."

"No," he said, and he stood still beside her and looked at her face and then at the ground and then at her face again.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, innocently. "You look upset, worried."

"No, nothing," he replied. "Yes, that is—Oh, Miss Newton, I can't put it off any longer. I've kept it back all this time—ever since I met you, that afternoon at Florrie's; for I could have said it then with as much truth as I say it now."

"Say what?" asked Jess, in perfect sincerity and unconsciousness. That any man, save Bruce, should love her, would have seemed to her an improbability; to her there was only one man in the world to be viewed in the light of a lover.

"Oh, can't you guess?" he said, with the impetuosity of a shy man. "Haven't you seen? Don't you know, Miss Newton—Jess—that I—I love you?"

Jess shrank back, startled, horrified, indeed. "You!"

"Yes," he went on falteringly, "I love you. I don't wonder at your being surprised. It must seem such cheek, such impudence. But I can't help it; I have fought against it, for I knew I wasn't fit to breathe the same air. But one loves for all that, and loves all the worse—the better. Oh, Jess, I don't know what I am saying. But you will know what is burning in my heart for you!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, sorry!" she said, panting a little.

"Sorry!" The words fell like ice upon his heart. "Why, Jess, cannot you—can't you try and love me? I know I'm not worthy of you—that I'm a clumsy, blundering idiot, but I love you, Jess, as well as a better man could do, and if you'll try and love me a little in return, and promise to be my wife——"

"Oh, don't say any more!" she pleaded. "I cannot—I am very grateful to you. I know how good you are, how kind, how gentle, but—you won't be angry with me, Frank?—I cannot do what you want me to."

Her eyes were full of tears, her heart ached for him. She could understand what he was feeling. How would it have been with her if she had loved Bruce, and he not loved her in return? Oh, yes, she could understand! He stood, white to the lips, looking at her with the passionate yearning of despair.

"I—I thought you would say so," he said, "I didn't expect anything else—how could I? But I could not help speaking; I could not bear to keep silence any longer, and I think everybody knew—Florrie—your father."

"My father?" said Jess.

"Yes, but it doesn't matter; nothing matters now. Oh, Jess, is there no hope for me? Has there never been? You have been so kind to me that I have thought sometimes——"

"Oh, never, never!" she said, gently. "I never thought—never dreamed. And now, indeed, it is impossible!"

"Now!" he echoed, catching at the word. "You mean? Oh, Jess, is there someone else?"

Her head drooped, and then she raised her eyes bravely. "Yes," she said, very softly.

"Who is it?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Bru—Lord Ravenhurst," still more softly.

He started slightly. "Lord Ravenhurst!" he said. "Oh, Jess, he's not——" He checked himself and stood with his hands clenched beside him.

"I am so sorry!" said Jess. "It seems wicked to be so happy." A tear rolled down her cheek.

"For God's sake, don't cry!" he said. "I'm not worth it! Don't think any more of me. I—I must try and bear it. I will bear it. Jess—let me call you Jess for the last time!—I wish you happiness with all my heart. I'd die cheerfully enough to get an hour's happiness for you. You—you must try and let me be your friend still. I can't lose you out of my life altogether."

"Oh, no, no!" she murmured.

"I'll be your true friend, Jess, and I'll go on living on the chance of some day being able to prove my love for you. Give me a promise, Jess, I've no right to ask it, I know—but promise me that if ever you want a friend you'll come to me?"

She held out both her hands to him, seeing him through a mist of tears. "Oh, I will promise, I will promise!" she said. "If there was anything I could do!"

"There is nothing but that!" he said. He took her hands and kissed them, and something that did not shape his manhood dropped one of them. "Good bye," he said, with a ghastly attempt at cheerfulness. "Don't—don't worry about me, Jess, I shall be all right. The—the hunting will begin directly, and—I shall leave here to-night. Lot of things to do at home. Ought to have been off long ago. What a lovely day it is! Shall have some rain though, though, I think. Good-bye," and he turned abruptly, and strode off whistling—till he was out of hearing. Then the whistle changed to a groan. There was a bad time before Frank Forde.

Jess went straight to her room; and, it is scarcely necessary to say, had her cry out. Lunch was half over when she got down, and her father, glancing at her red eyes, refrained from questions while the servants were in the room; but when they had gone, he said, in a casual way—

"Young Forde has been waiting for you, Jess. Did you see him?"

The blood rushed to her face, and she went and stood beside him, and leant her head upon his shoulder.

"Yes," she said, in a low voice. "Father—I must tell you! He—he asked me to be his wife!"

Mr. Newton raised his head with an air of satisfaction and pleasure. "He did?" he said, and he put up his hand and patted her cheek. "Well, I can't say I'm surprised. Jess, I congratulate you! Frank Forde is a splendid young fellow; and, what is better, a good one. I don't know a worthier young man, or one I would have more readily chosen for you. He comes of a good family, and is well off, and—yes, Jess, I am more than pleased, and in wishing you every happiness, my dear, I feel that I am not wishing you it in vain. God bless you both, Jess."

Jess shrank back. "Father!" she cried, with something little short of horror in her voice. "Oh, father, what are you saying! I am not going to marry Frank Forde!"

He turned and looked at her with grave surprise. "You are not! You have refused him? Jess! Why, what does this mean? Why have you refused him?"

"I don't love him, father," she faltered.

He looked at her keenly. "There is something else," he said, gravely. "What is it?"

She knelt beside him and hid her face against his breast. "Father!" she whispered; "Lord Ravenhurst has asked me to be his wife, and I have promised, for I—I love him!"

Mr. Newton sprang to his feet, and looked down at her sternly.

CHAPTER XV.

JESS, still kneeling, drew back before the stern look her father bent upon her, and held her breath. He had never looked at her in that way before, and she was a little frightened as well as startled.

"Jess!" he said, and his voice was as stern as his face, "What is this you tell me? Lord Ravenhurst! When did he speak to you?"

"This morning," she said, in a low voice, and with a touch of color in her pale face. "Last night he——I met him by the river this morning."

Mr. Newton's face grew red with anger.

"He asked you to meet him!"

"Yes," said Jess. "He would not speak last night, because we were his father's guests, and he asked me——. Was it wrong to go, father? I did not know."

"He had no right to ask you to meet him! He should have come to me! But it is just what such a man would do! And he proposed to you! Formally proposed to you!"

"Yes," she assented.

"And you said——? You have not promised him; I must have misunderstood you; you have not promised him definitely?"

"Yes," she faltered, with downcast eyes. "Oh, father, what else could I do?"

"Refuse him!" he said, grimly.

"I could not," she breathed. "I—love him. I could not have said that I did not love him, when he asked me; and I promised to be his wife."

Mr. Newton remained perfectly motionless, looking at her. She had risen, and stood, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on the ground.

"He should have asked my permission to address you before speaking to you. But he knew I should not grant it!"

"Father!"

"No, Jess. There shall be no beating about the bush in this matter. It is of too vital consequence. Your happiness is more to me than life itself, and I will not stand by and see it wrecked. You cannot marry Lord Ravenhurst."

Her face went white, and she shivered a little; then she raised her eyes to his, with a deep sorrow in them.

"Why, father?"

"Because I refuse my consent," he said, sternly, "If I know you, you will not marry without it."

"But why will—will you refuse?" she asked, with a quaver in her voice, against which he had to steel himself.

"I refuse because such a marriage could bring you nothing but misery. Lord Ravenhurst is not worthy of you."

"Not worthy!" she echoed.

"I have said it. He is not worthy of any pure, innocent-minded girl. It is because you are innocent, ignorant of the world, that you have not seen this. But I am not wronging him. He is one of those men for whom I have the greatest dislike and contempt. A man of the world! That is, a man who has wallowed in the gutters of life's by-ways, a profligate, a spendthrift."

"Father!" rose from her strained lips.

He knit his brows and compressed his lips.

"I know what I am saying. I do not speak from hearsay; Lord Ravenhurst's character is public property; he is famous—infamous would be the more appropriate word—for his wild and reckless habits. Such a man may unite with a backneyed woman of the world—a woman of his own class—but he should not be allowed to approach an innocent girl; he shall not marry mine!"

Jess leant against the table, and put her hand to her brow.

"You wrong him—you wrong him, father! I do not know—understand—what you mean—not fully—but I know that Bruce——"

"Call Lord Ravenhurst by his courtesy title, if you please, Jess," Mr. Newton broke in sternly.

She crimsoned, and went on; "He is not wicked! I know enough to know that. Or, if he has been wild, and thoughtless, he is changed now. I am sure of it, sure of it, father! Oh, listen to me!" for he had turned his head away.

"I will listen as long as you please," he said. "I am not unreasonable. I do not refuse my consent from mere caprice. Do you think it costs me nothing to thwart you? Oh, Jess, Jess!" His voice broke for an instant, but grew stern and inflexible again as he went on.

"You say that he has changed. I say that such men as Lord Ravenhurst never change, never reform. As well expect the leopard to lose its spots, or a negro to turn white. This love of his for you—oh, I know so well what it is worth."

"He loves me, father!" she said, almost inaudibly.

"You think so, and so, doubtless, does he—for the present; but it is a mere fancy on his part—the fancy, the desire, which springs so readily in the breasts of such men, men who have never seen a beautiful woman without coveting her, without setting themselves to win her, and, having won her, never fail to grow weary of her, and break her heart!"

The color flooded Jess' face, then left it white to the lips.

"Now I know that you are wronging him!" she said, very quietly, but with a touch of firmness which was like a reflection of his own. "If you knew him!"

He almost smiled.

"Knew him! How long have you known him? What do you know of his habits, of his past life? How many times, or, rather, how few, have you met him? Jess, my heart is full of pity for you! Do not think that I do not understand!

"I know how easily a girl, ignorant of the world, having no knowledge of men, a girl fresh from school, would be caught by the false glitter of such a man. He is just the kind of man a girl would think herself in love with!"

"Father, I do not think!"

"And I blame myself; yes, I am greatly to blame!" He began to pace up and

down the room, his hands tightly clasped behind him. "I ought to have foreseen, to have guarded you; but I was caught, too. Not by the son, but by the father."

"You—you are unjust; yes, I am sure of it!" she said, in a low, pleading voice. "You—you told me, the first night, that you—hated them! Father, was not that unjust to hate them for no reason, excepting that they were titled people?"

"No," he said, "not injustice, but well-rooted instinct. Jess, I will say no more of Lord Ravenhurst's unworthiness to be the husband of an innocent girl. I will give you another reason. You have spoken of their rank; that is another bar to our marriage. Nothing but misery can come of such inequality of position as that which exists between you. Think of who and what this man is."

"Do not speak of him as if he were a criminal, father!" she implored, and, for the first time, the tears rose to her eyes.

"Jess, I did not mean to hurt you. Think of who he is. Lord Ravenhurst, the son and heir of the Duke of Clansmere! The next to the title. All his people are aristocrats; they pride themselves on their ancient lineage, on their high birth, their rank and station. They live in a world of their own, they move in a circle as proud and exclusive as—as that which surrounds the Great Lama."

"And yet—oh, how kind they were last night!" she murmured. "And—and, father, I have read, I know, that some of them marry girls who were not noblewomen."

"I grant it. Some of them find wives in the side scenes of the theatre; some marry daughters, of rich tradesmen, merchants. And the result? For the unfortunate girl, a little of martyrdom. Do you think that the husband's people ever forget that the man has married beneath him, that they ever cease to remind her, by word, and look, and sign, by innumerable slights and insults, that she has dared to profane the sacred precincts of the aristocracy with her presence?

"I say that the girl who is foolish, mad, enough to marry one of these men leads a life of misery none the less acute because it is made up of daily, hourly, petty persecutions, and lived under the shadow of contempt. And soon the man begins to feel the burden of his position. If he has married her for beauty, he wearies of it."

"Father, father!"

"I speak plainly; I must. If he has married her for her money, he comes to think that he bought it dearly, has himself been bought too cheaply. He may persuade himself that he loves her; but, all too soon, he finds that there can be no lasting love in an unequal marriage."

He paused, and paced up and down for a minute in silence, as if he were dwelling on the picture he had drawn; then he went on—

"The end is not difficult to see. The wife is neglected, scorned; the husband finds consolation elsewhere, his wife is left to carry her broken heart as bravely as she can. Sometimes she, too, finds consolation."

He broke off, as if remembering whom he was addressing, as if suddenly conscious of her innocence, and he drew a long breath. "I have to save you from all this, and—I will do it!"

There was silence. The tears had dried in Jess' eyes, which were burning now and aching.

"Jess," he said, standing before her with outstretched hands, "you will—will not disobey me! Think of all you owe me. No, I will not put it that way. You owe me nothing but love! And yet—as Heaven is my witness!—I have worked only for you. Through all the struggle, my first thoughts have been for you! It was because the money could buy you ease, and comfort, and luxury that I fought for it!"

She put out her hand to him, then let it drop at her side.

"I have been ambitious for your sake, Jess. But I have never wished you to make such a match as this. I know that some self-made men would rejoice at the prospect of getting an earl for a son-in-law; but I am not one of them. I want you to marry an honest, straight man—such a man as Frank Forde I would have welcomed."

Jess crimsoned, and looked at him reproachfully; but he went on.

"Such a man would have made you happy. Oh, Jess, Jess, cannot you see the difference between gold and dross, between the true metal and pinchbeck? Frank—poor fellow! loves you with all his heart, will be true to you, worship you, till death! This other man——"

"Is the man I love," she said brokenly, and with a catch in her voice. "Not Frank Forde. Do not speak—think of him, father!"

"Will you disobey me?" he repeated, in a voice shaking with emotion. "Jess, my girl! Out there, in Africa, I have lain awake at night, thinking of you; often when I have been wearied to death—and when I was, indeed, nearly dead—the thought that I was working for you has encouraged me, spurred me on, given me strength to rise and continue the fight! You will not desert me—yes, desert me! your father, who loves you!—for a man you scarcely know, whom you have seen only half a dozen times; who can never give you the love which I, your father, bear you!"

She sobbed and hid her face in her hands.

"Father, you—you break my heart!" she moaned.

"No, Jess," he said, hoarsely. "I am saving it from being broken. I——"

A servant knocked and entered with a card. Mr. Newton took it.

"It is he," he said. "You shall decide between us. Show Lord Ravenhurst in here," he said to the footman.

Jess started and trembled.

"Not here! I will go, father!"

"No, stay," he said, grimly. "I have nothing to say to Lord Ravenhurst, he can have nothing to say to me, that you may not hear. There need be no concealment; there shall be none. Show Lord Ravenhurst in."

Jess went to the other end of the room and stood by the window. She was trembling, her heart was beating so fast and thickly that she could scarcely breathe. It was as if she were weighed down by some horrid nightmare.

The opening of the door, the sound of his footsteps, made her quiver from head to foot.

Bruce came in, erect, his face grave and eloquent of his purpose. At sight of the slim figure, the averted face, a quick, glad light sprang into his eyes.

He came forward to Mr. Newton, who stood as erect as Bruce, and with a sternly-set face, and extended his hand.

Mr. Newton took it, but withdrew his own as quickly as possible. Lord Ravenhurst crossed the room and held out his hand to Jess, and as she put hers into it, he felt its burning heat, and looked into her face with sudden anxiety. Then he went back to Mr. Newton.

"I am glad you are in, sir," he said. "I wished to speak to you." He paused, and glanced at Jess.

"Anything you may have to say, you may say before my daughter, Lord Ravenhurst," said Mr. Newton, grimly.

Bruce looked at him with surprise and a grave regard.

"Perhaps Miss Newton would prefer——?" he began; but Mr. Newton waved his hand.

"Say what you have to say, here and now, if you please," he said.

Bruce glanced at Jess again, then—for he was not lacking in courage—he said, very quietly and earnestly—

"Mr. Newton, I do not know whether Jess—Miss Newton—has told you what I have told her—that I love her, and asked her to be my wife?"

Mr. Newton set his lips tight, and spoke through them.

"My daughter has told me of—of the honor you have done her, Lord Ravenhurst."

Bruce looked at him with faint surprise and apprehension.

"I love her, sir," he said, "and I have been so fortunate as to win her promise to be my wife. I have come to you—I fear you will think I should have come to you first."

"Your apprehension is not unfounded, Lord Ravenhurst," was the cold rejoinder.

Bruce looked down.

"I see that now. I was wrong, Mr. Newton; but I hope you will forgive me. When a man loves as I love your daughter, he is apt to forget etiquette, and even what is due to her father. I forgot it," he added, frankly. "Please forgive me."

"My forgiveness can matter very little to you, Lord Ravenhurst," said Mr. Newton.

Bruce looked at him with grave, and now troubled, eyes.

"I—I don't understand," he said, in a low voice. "I have come quickly—only a few hours. I hope, Mr. Newton, you will give your consent to our engagement? I am aware," he went on, quickly, the color rising to his face, his eyes lighting with anxiety, and the desire to win the good-will of this stern-faced man, "that you have only known me a short time, and am afraid that—that you will think I have been presumptuous in speaking—in—in—proposing to Jess—to Miss Newton—so quickly; but—but, you see, sir, I love her very dearly, and—and" ("Dash it! why does he look at me as if I had come to rob the plate chest?" he asked himself)—"and one forgets that—that—— Mr. Newton, if you will consent to our engagement, you will make me the happiest man on God's earth! I love Jess, and I—I think—she has told me—I mean, Jess! Help me out!" He turned to her pleadingly. "Say a word for me!"

Jess did not move, her father stood like an image carved in stone. Bruce looked from one to the other with a puzzled, troubled frown.

"What is the matter?" he asked, no impatiently, but anxiously. "I'm afraid I have offended you, Mr. Newton. My father said I had behaved badly, that I ought to have come to you first; but he hoped that you would overlook it. My father is very fond of Jess, you see, and—and he is waiting, quite anxiously to hear that——"

He broke off, and looked at the silent, motionless figure by the window. Why did she not speak? Why did they look as if he had brought bad tidings, death, or desolation, to the house?

Mr. Newton opened his tightly-set lips.

"Yes, Lord Clansmere was right, Lord Ravenhurst, you should have come to me first. You would have spared my daughter and myself, yourself also, much pain."

"What?" said Bruce, looking at him gravely.

"You ask my consent to your engagement to Jess—to my daughter," he corrected himself. "I regret that I cannot give it."

Bruce did not start, but he looked from one to the other with surprise. It was not vanity that had led him to expect a different answer.

He did not expect Mr. Newton to "jump" at the offer; but he had not thought that he would object. Men who are heirs to earldoms are not often refused.

"You—cannot give your consent!" he said, as if he scarcely grasped the significance of the words.

"No," said Mr. Newton.

"But——" began Bruce, but Mr. Newton interrupted him.

"I grant your right to demand my reason, but I beg you will not press it," he said. "Let it suffice, Lord Ravenhurst, that we thank you for the honor you have done us, and that we beg to decline it."

Bruce paled under his tan, as he looked Mr. Newton straight in the face.

"You can't expect me to be satisfied with that, sir," he said, quietly. "If I had come to you first, if I had not spoken to Jess, to Miss Newton, I might have accepted your verdict. But I have spoken; I know—she has told me—that—that she returns my love, is willing to be my wife, and I do ask you—I must—why you reject me?"

Mr. Newton inclined his head.

"Very good," he said gravely. "Then, in a word, I do not consider you fit to be the husband of my daughter. I will add, of my innocent girl. Your past life——"

Bruce's face grew red, then pale. "Is past, sir!" he said. "Since I have known and loved Jess, I have become a changed man. My life is altered."

"I rejoice—for your own sake—to hear it," broke in Mr. Newton. "I will not say that I think such a sudden reformation a lasting one."

Bruce started, and his face flushed again.

"Do you doubt my love for Jess?" he demanded.

"I think you think you love her, yes," said Mr. Newton. "But I think your love will not last. I, at any rate, cannot trust it. Wait if you please, Lord Ravenhurst. This is not my only objection. Such a marriage as you do us the honor to propose would be an unequal one in every sense of the word, and I know that nothing but unhappiness can result from an unequal union."

Bruce smiled, actually smiled, though his heart was filled with disappointment and anxiety.

"Mr. Newton, you undervalue yourself and Jess. She is worthy of—of a throne!"

Mr. Newton smiled grimly.

"You speak like a lover, and your opinion carries no weight. What will your relations, the rest of your noble family, think? You know and I know, Lord Ravenhurst."

"My father—" began Bruce.

"Has no desire to thwart your fancy. I can believe it," said Mr. Newton, grimly. Bruce reddened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

FROGS.—Were it not for the multitude of storks that throng to Egypt every winter there would be no living in some parts of the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in devastating swarms.

THE COCKADE.—The cockade is merely the modern form of the bunch of ribbons with which soldiers used to "cock" their hats, as the old saying was; and in the cocked hats of the present day its place is taken by a button, which is supposed to hold the brim in position.

IT FEEDS ON FISH.—One of the most curious enemies of fresh-water fish is a small floating weed—the bladder wort. Along its branches are a number of small green vesicles, or bladders, which being furnished with tiny jaws, seize upon the little fish, which are assimilated into its substance. This weed is a subtle poacher, the true character of which has only lately been detected.

NOBILITY.—A Korean nobleman will step aside to let a peasant woman pass him in the street. The rooms of a woman are as sacred to her as a shrine is to its image—indeed the rooms of his wife or of his mother are the sanctuary of any man who breaks the law. Unless for treason or for one other crime, he cannot be forced to leave those rooms; and, so long as he remains under the protection of his wife and his wife's apartments, he is secure from the officers of the law and from the penalties of his misdemeanors.

STRANGE FARE.—In the rural districts of France various wild creatures are eaten which in England are never put to such a use. Squirrels are considered very good food; and, as they are easily shot, they have become rare in some districts. In Lorraine, when there has been a successful dog hunt, it is by no means uncommon for the peasants to divide the flesh of the hated beast and feast upon it. Badgers are also used food, but very rarely. There is scarcely a bird however that is not eaten. Nightingales, magpies, tomtits—almost everything that flies, big or small goes on the spit or into the saucepan. It may be truly said of the French that they are the least wasteful in Europe.

BEFORE THEY MAY WED.—In Austria, a man and woman are supposed to be capable of conducting a home of their own from the ages of fourteen. In Germany, the man must be at least eighteen years of age. In France, the man must be eighteen and the woman fifteen; in Belgium the same ages. In Spain, the intended husband must have passed his fourteenth year, and the woman her twelfth. In Hungary, for Catholics, the man must be fourteen years old, and the woman twelve; for Protestants, the man must be eighteen, and the woman fifteen. In Greece, the man must have seen at least fourteen summers, and the woman twelve. In Portugal, a boy of fourteen is considered marriageable, and a woman of twelve. In Russia and Saxony they are a little more sensible, and a youth must refrain from entering into matrimony till he can count eighteen years, and the woman till she can count sixteen. In Switzerland, the men from the age of fourteen and the women from the age of twelve are allowed to marry.

IN ARMENIA.—The question of supporting a wife never troubles a young benedict in Armenia; the boy brings his bride to the home of his parents, to live with him under the same roof. The bride is the pet of the family, and her husband's mother makes no distinction between her and her own daughters. Armenia has more men than women, and as they rarely intermarry with other nations, the fair sex is of great value in the matrimonial market. Single blessedness is not appreciated in Armenia, old bachelors being looked upon with disfavor. Armenian girls are very fine-looking, of medium height, and dark complexion; blondes are exceedingly rare, and therefore greatly admired and sought in marriage. Woman has a respected position in society, and man often acts upon her counsel. A similar feature of the Armenian household is the fact that every Armenian woman, rich or poor, educated or not, is her own cook. She is the educator of her children, and is the recognized authority in the home. The higher education of women is in Armenia of very recent date; but already to-day it has many distinguished female writers and poets. The field of charity is almost completely cultivated by women; education is her territory, but as yet she has no thought of invading the avenues of commerce and industry.

TEMPERANCE.

BY RICHARD CARSHAW.

Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Would see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a Spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most laden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends—
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay—
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither! and thyself be he.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

IT seems so easy; the temptation, like that of Doris, is so sudden, so swift, so sweet, the retribution seemed so far off.

But, sure as night follows day, surely as the golden wheat ripens under the summer sun, it comes at last.

Until the hour she was taken from the sight of men she never lost any of her marvelous loveliness; until the last she looked like a marble sculpture, the highest perfection of beauty.

They wondered—those who loved her best, as they knelt by her side and kissed her for the last time—why such wondrous loveliness had been given to her; it had brought her no good—it had given her swift, terrible death.

Rank, wealth, position, all have their perils, but it seemed to those who watched her that surely the greatest peril of all is the peril of beauty. She had been so vain of her fair face, it seemed to her that fair, fragile beauty was the chief thing in life.

It had led her to vanity, and from vanity to sin of the deepest, deadliest dye. She had paid the price now—her life was the forfeit.

The sheen of the golden hair, the light of the proud eyes, the beauty of the radiant face, the grace of the perfect figure, were all hidden away; that for which she had sinned and suffered—for which she had neglected her heart, mind and soul—for which she had neglected Heaven—was already a thing of the past.

Let poets and artists rave of beauty—let the dead girl answer, "What had beauty done for her?"

* * * * * *

The funeral at Linleigh Court is still talked of in the country. There had not been for many generations such a scene. The whole country side was present; the rich and the noble, to sympathise and assist the poor to look on and wonder.

They stood in groups under the trees discussing the event, they told each other that she had been beautiful as an angel, with hair that shone like the sun; that when she was younger and before she had come into possession of her fortune she had loved some one very much, a handsome, young poet; and after she came into her fortune, she had been true to him, and had refused some of the greatest men in England to marry him.

Tears stood in the eyes of those simple men and women as they told each other the story—that the night before her wedding day she had been so cruelly murdered by a burglar who wanted her jewelry. Was there ever a story so sad.

They stood bare-headed as that sad procession passed by, pointing out to each other the chief mourners.

"There was the young poet," they said—who would have recognized Earle? His face was quite changed; the youth, the beauty had died from it, it was white with the pallor of despair; the eyes were haggard and wild, the lips quivered piteously, as the lips of a grieving child.

It was hard to believe that he had ever been handsome, gallant, and gay. Women wept as they looked at him, and men stood bare-headed, mute, silent, before a great sorrow that they could so well understand.

There was the earl; he looked very sad, grieved, and anxious, but he was a Studleigh, and on that debonair race trouble always sat lightly; they had great capabilities for throwing off sorrow.

They showed each other the stately Duke of Downsbury, one of the noblest men in England, who was not ashamed to take his station by the side of Mark Brace, the honest farmer; they followed a long train of nobles, gentlemen, and friends.

The long procession wound its way through the park, the leaves fell, the flowers stirred idly in the summer wind, as though recognising the fact that a fairer flower had been laid low; the birds sung joyously, as though death and sorrow were not passing through their midst, and the bright sun shone warm and golden as they carried the beautiful Lady Doris to her last home.

Oh! sweet summer and fragrant flowers, singing birds and humming bees, no sadder sight than this ever passed through your midst!

The same minister who was to have married her read the funeral service over her.

She was to be buried in the family vault of the Studleighs, but, at the last, Lady Estelle had clung to her, declaring that she could not endure her darling buried out of her sight, that she must sleep in the sunshine and flowers, where she could see her grave; and so the duke begged Lord Linley to grant her prayer.

So it was done; and in the pretty church yard so green and silent, with its tall trees and flowers, she sleeps the long sleep that knows no waking.

The sparrows build their nests there, the gray church tower is a home for the rooks, the wood pigeons coo in the tall trees, the nightingales sings her sweetest songs, and the fairest blossoms grow over her grave.

The white marble cross gleams through the trees, and on it one may read the short, sad story of Lady Doris Studleigh.

The same summer day guests and friends returned home, the duke and duchess remaining with Mattie Brace. Mark and his wife took their leave.

"I shall never forget her," said honest Mark as he wrung Earle's hand. "She was the most winsome lass I ever saw. I shall never look up at the skies without thinking I see her sweet face there."

Some months afterward—he did not attend to it just then—Lord Linleigh settled a handsome annuity on the farmer and his wife.

They lived honored, esteemed, and respected to a good old age; but they never forgot the child who had come to them in the wind and the rain—the beautiful girl whose tragical end cast a shadow over their lives.

A deep settled gloom fell over Linleigh. Many thought that Earle would never recover. The spring of his life seemed broken.

It would have been hard for him if he had never found her in Florence; but having so found her, having won her love, her heart, her wild, graceful fancy, having made so sure that she would one day be his wife, it was harder still. Every resource, every energy, every hope seemed crushed and dead.

He remained at Linleigh Court through the winter. Lord Linleigh would say to him at times:

"We must think about your future, Earle. It is time something is done."

His only answer was that he wanted no future; that the only mercy which could be shown to him now was an early death and a speedy one.

They had great patience with him, knowing that youth is impatient with sorrow, with despair—knowing that time would lessen the terrible grief and give back some of its lost brightness of life.

At the end of the autumn even his physical strength seemed to fail him, and the doctors, summoned by Lord Linleigh in alarm, said he must positively spend the winter in some warmer climate.

"Let me stay and die here," he said to the earl.

But Lord Linleigh had grown warmly attached to him. He was intent on saving him if possible. The duchess came to the rescue; she said, that after the terrible shock some change was needful for all.

If Lady Estelle did not feel equal to going abroad, let her spend the winter at Downsbury Castle with them, while Lord Linleigh and Earle went abroad together. Though Lady Estelle demurred at being separated from her husband, she saw that the change of scene and travel would be most beneficial for him, so she consented. She went to Downsbury Castle with the duchess, and Lord Linleigh took Earle to Spain.

They were absent nearly five months, but time and travel did much for them. Earle recovered his lost strength and much of his lost energy, once more his genius reasserted itself; once more grand, beautiful, noble ideas shaped themselves before him, once more the strong manly desire to be first and foremost in the battle of life came over him.

Together they planned great deeds. Earle was to take his place in parliament again; he was to be Lord Linleigh's right hand.

"You wil always be like an elder son to me," said Lord Linleigh one day. "I shall have no one to study but you."

Then Earle was doubly fortunate; the duke had an excellent civil appointment in his power; when it became vacant, he offered it to Earle, who gratefully accepted it.

"Now," said Lord Linleigh to him, "your position is secure—your fortune is made."

And Earle sighed deeply, remembering how happy this might have made him once.

They were to return to England in April; and then a grand surprise awaited the earl.

He received a letter to say that Lady Estelle, having grown tired of Downsbury Castle, had gone to a pretty estate of his in Wales—Gymglas—and that, on his return, he was to join them there.

"What a strange whim," said Lord Linleigh to Earle. "Gone to Gymglas. I have not been in Wales for some time. It will be quite pleasant—quite a treat to me."

When they returned to England, they went at once to Gymglas.

They reached the hall one fine day in April, when the world was all fair with the coming spring. Lord Linleigh thought he had never seen his wife looking so young or so fair.

He had left her pale, with a quiet, languid sadness that seemed almost like despair; now her face was flushed with a dainty color, her eyes were bright; she was animated, joyous, and happy. It was a strange, subtle change that he hardly understood.

"My darling Estelle," he said, "how happy I am to see you looking so bright! Has anything happened while I have been away?"

"Am I looking so well?" she asked, in a voice so full of heart's music he hardly recognized it. "Do you love me better than ever, Ulric?"

"Yes, a thousand times, if it be possible," he replied.

"Come with me," she said.

He half hesitated. He was tired, hungry, and longing for rest and refreshment.

She laughed in a gay, saucy fashion, quite unlike her own.

"I know," she said, "you think a glass of sherry would be far better than any little sentimental surprise I could give you. Wait and see; follow me."

She looked so charming and irresistible, he forgot all that he wanted and went after her.

He expected to see a new conservatory or some pretty improvement in the old hall; but, rather to his surprise, she led the way upstairs.

He had almost forgotten the house; it was so large and old-fashioned. The beautiful countess stood quite still as they reached a large door, and placed her finger mysteriously on her lips.

"I am quite sure that you will be more pleased than ever you have been in your life before," she said.

She opened the door, and he followed her into a large, lofty, beautifully furnished room. In the midst of it stood a cozy and costly cradle.

His wife took his hand and led him to it. She drew the silken curtain aside, and there lay the loveliest babe the sun ever shone on—a little, golden head, shining with curls—a face like a rosebud, with sweet little lips.

One pretty hand lay outside on the silken coverlet. Linleigh looked on in wonder too great for words.

"What is this?" he said, at last.

His wife laughed a sweet, low, happy laugh, such as he had not heard from her lips since the days of her happy girlhood.

"I will introduce you," she said. "Lord Linleigh, this is your son and heir, Lawrence Lord Studleigh, called in nursery parlance, 'Laurie the beautiful!'"

The earl looked at his wife in a bewildered manner.

"You do not mean to tell me that this is my—our son, Estelle?"

"I do, indeed, Ulric. I did not tell you before, because I was afraid. I thought I should die. I never even had the hope of living—that made me go home with my mother. Are you pleased?"

"Why, my darling! how can I tell you? what am I to say to you? Pleased is not the word. I am lost in delight. So I really have a little son.

"Raise him—he looks like a beautiful bird in a nest. Place him in my arms, and let me kiss him. My own little son! Talk of a surprise! this is one! Call Earle, darling! let Earle see him."

And when Earle came, just as though he knew he was to be admired and worshipped, the baby opened a pair of beautiful eyes, and looked so good and sweet that they were charmed.

Lord Linleigh could not recover himself to think that he who had no hope of succession should suddenly find this pretty little son. To the end of his life he persisted in teasing his wife by always calling his eldest son "The Surprise."

So that was, indeed, a happy coming home.

Earle went to London then to begin his life's work. The earl and the countess returned to Linleigh, where, in the smiles of her children, Lady Estelle grew young again.

Fair-faced daughters and sturdy, noble boys made the walls of the court ring again. The earl was happy beyond measure, but neither he nor his wife ever forgot the hapless, beautiful girl whom they had lost.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

TWO years after the birth of his son, the earl and countess went to London for the season. It so happened that the desire for a picture he had seen led him to the studio of Gregory Leslie.

The artist was engaged for the moment, and asked Lord Linleigh to wait. While so waiting, he occupied himself in looking round at the pictures on the wall.

He stopped before one as though spell-bound. If ever he had seen the face of his daughter at all, it was shining there on the canvas, beautiful as the radiant dawn of the morning, with the sunlight on her hair, and in her eyes a light that seemed to be from heaven. She was standing in the midst of flowers, and his own face grew pale as he looked at the radiant loveliness of hers.

"Doris," he said to himself; "but how comes she here?"

He saw the white hands that he remembered last as folded in death; he saw the white, graceful breast that had been disfigured by that terrible wound.

"My darling Doris," he said; "how came you here?"

He was standing there, with tears in his eyes, when Mr. Leslie entered the room.

"I should like to ask a few questions about that picture, Mr. Leslie," he said, courteously. "Is it for sale?"

"I can hardly say; I have had a very large bid for it. It was purchased some time since by one of our merchant princes, who has since failed, and I bought the picture at his sale; since then I have been offered a large sum for it."

"It is my daughter's portrait," said the earl calmly. "I cannot see how it came into your possession."

"I painted it," said Mr. Leslie.

"You did! Where did you see my daughter?"

Then the artist told him the whole story of his going to Brackenside, and the earl told him the story of Lady Doris Studleigh's childhood.

"I never believed that she was Mark Bruce's daughter," said Gregory Leslie; "she was so daintily beautiful—her grace was so complete, so high-bred, I could not fancy that she belonged to them. Was the mystery of her journey to Florence ever explained?"

"What mystery?" asked the earl, quickly; so quickly that Mr. Leslie thought that he had been wrong in naming it at all.

"There was some little confusion," he said. "Her face is very beautiful; it attracted great attention, and one of my fellow artists assured me that he had seen her in Florence, and that she was married."

"Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed the earl.

Then an uncomfortable conviction seized upon him. Could there be any truth in this? Could there be any truth in the idea—the suspicion that his wife entertained that all had not been well with Doris. Could there have been a mystery in that young life, so soon, oh, so soon ended?

The earl sighed deeply. It would be better perhaps, to let it alone. If there had been anything wrong, it was too late to right it now.

Let the dead past bury its dead. She was a Studleigh, and there were many of that race whose lives would not bear looking

into. He dismissed the subject from his mind, and said to himself he would think of it no more.

"Who wants this picture?" he asked, abruptly. "I am sure that Lady Linleigh would like it."

"It is a strange coincidence that you should call this morning," said Mr. Leslie; "the gentleman who wishes so strongly for it appointed to meet me at two—it wants but ten minutes of the time. Will you wait and see him? Perhaps, under the circumstances, he might be willing for you to have the original, which I might copy."

Lord Linleigh was perfectly willing. He was rather surprised; however, when the door opened, to see—in the expected visitor—Lord Vivianne! Lord Vivianne—but so changed, so unlike himself, that it was with difficulty he recognized him.

His hair was white as snow, his face furrowed with deep lines, haggard, care worn and miserable. He looked like a man bowed down with care, wretched beyond words.

When he saw Lord Linleigh he grew even more ghastly pale, and all sound died away on his lips.

The earl eagerly extended his hand.

"Lord Vivianne!" he cried, "what a stranger you are! I am heartily glad to meet you again."

He did not understand why that great gasping sigh of relief came from the wretched lips.

"I have thought of you," continued the earl. "Of course you heard the story of my terrible trouble?"

More ghastly still grew the white face.

"Yes I heard of it; who did not?"

"Poor child!" sighed the earl; it was a terrible blow to us; the very night before her wedding day, too."

Ah! the night before the wedding day! He was not likely to forget that. He saw it all again—the beautiful, defiant face; the wedding costume; the long, sharp knife; the bare, white breast. Ah! merciful God, was he never to forget! He groaned aloud, then saw the earl looking at him in wonder.

"You did not know, Lord Linleigh," he said, "that I loved your daughter. If I had gone to Linleigh again in August, it would have been to ask her to be my wife."

The earl held out his hand in silent sympathy.

"It was a terrible blow," he said.

Then he thought to himself that it was because he had loved his daughter that Lord Vivianne wished for the picture.

"I fancied, once or twice," he said, "that you admired her. I did not know you loved her."

"I did. If any one had told me it was in my power to love any woman, or to mourn for any woman as I have done for her, I should have laughed at the notion. My life is blighted."

They sat then in silence for some time; then the earl said:

"I am glad I have met you, Lady Linleigh and I have often spoken of you. Will you pay us a visit at Linleigh Court?"

"No," replied the wretched man, with a shudder. "You are very kind. I thank you very much, but my visiting days are over. I am nothing but a curse to myself and to others.

"You will get better in time," said the earl.

It was a new idea to him to play the part of comforter to a man of the world, and he did it awkwardly.

"I grow worse; not better," was the desponding reply. "I suppose Lord Linleigh, nothing more was heard of that dreadful occurrence—the crime was never traced?"

"No, it was one of those mysteries that baffle solution," he replied. "The rewards offered have been enormous, and we have employed the best detectives in England, without success."

"It is very strange," said Lord Vivianne, musingly.

"Yes, it is strange. I am quite certain of one thing," said the earl, with energy; "it will come to light—murder always does—it will come to light."

The white face grew even whiter.

"You believe that?" said Lord Vivianne, in a low, hoarse voice.

"Yes," said the earl. "Although I am not what the world would call a religious man, I am quite sure that the just God will never allow such a crime to go unpunished. Now, about the picture. Lord Vivianne, if you loved my dear, dead daughter, I can well understand that you want this."

Then they finally agreed that Lord Linleigh should have the original, and Mr. Leslie should paint a copy for Lord Vivianne.

Lord Linleigh at the same time ordered a copy for Earle. Then, looking at the picture, he saw the name. He looked at the artist with a smile.

"Innocence!" he said. "Why did you call that picture 'Innocence?'"

"Because the face was so fair, so fresh, so bright. I could think of no other name. There is in it the very innocence and beauty that angels wear. Look at the clear, sweet eyes, the perfect lips, the ideal brow."

"Innocence!" said Lord Vivianne, in a strange voice; "it was well named."

They both looked at him quickly, but he was on his guard again. He shook hands with the earl. They never met again.

He said adieu to Leslie, and begged that the portrait might be sent home as soon as possible. Then he went away. The earl and the artist looked after him.

"That is a dying man," said Gregory Leslie, slowly.

"If he dies," said the earl, "it will be love for my daughter that has killed him."

The earl was never any nearer to the solution of the mystery. That Lord Vivianne, who spoke so openly of having loved her, had any hand in her death, he never even faintly surmised.

He took the picture home, and it hangs now in Linleigh Court, where the earl's children pause sometimes in their play to ask about their elder sister, Doris, whose name the picture said was "Innocence."

It was not long afterward that the fashionable world was startled from its serenity by the sad intelligence of the suicide of Lord Vivianne.

Then they heard a strange story, although no one could solve it. His servants told how dreadfully he had suffered.

Let those who laugh at the retribution that follows sin believe. Slowly, and in terrible torture, had that wretched life ended.

He had rushed from the scene of his crime, mad with balked love, with fiercest passion, with regret and remorse.

Mad with the wild fury of his own passions—above all, with the terrible knowledge of her death—for many days and nights he neither slept, rested, eat, nor drank.

He went away to Paris. It was not exactly that he feared pursuit—he knew that it was not likely that any suspicion should attach itself to him. But, wherever he went, he saw that dead face, that golden web with the crimson stain.

In Paris he plunged into the wildest dissipation. He tried drink—all possible resources—in vain.

Where the sun shone brightest, where the gas-light flared, where painted faces smiled—he saw the same light—a white face looking up, still and cold in death.

If by chance he were left alone, or in the dark, his cries were awful. His servants talked about him, but they never thought crime or remorse was busy with him; they fancied he had drunk himself into a fit of delirium.

They could have told, and did tell after his death, of awful nights when he raved like a madman—when he was pursued by a dead woman, always holding a knife in her hand; they told of frantic fits of anguish when he lay groaning on the floor, biting his lips until they bled, so that one's heart ached to hear him.

Let no man say that he can sin with impunity; let no man say sin remains unpunished.

The time came when he said to himself, deliberately, and with full purpose, that he would not live. What was this tortured blighted life to him? Less than nothing.

Once, and once only, he asked himself if it were possible to repent—repent of his sins, his unbridled passions, his selfish loves? Repent? He laughed aloud in scornful glee.

It would, indeed, be a fine thing, a grand idea for him, a man of the world; he who would have been complimented on being the Don Juan of the day. He to repent? Nonsense! As he had lived he would die.

What mad folly had possessed him? He gnashed his teeth with rage when he thought of what he had done.

Then something brought to his mind the remembrance of that picture, and his heart filled with hope.

Perhaps if he could buy it—could have the pictured face in its living, radiant beauty, always before him, it might lay the specter that haunted him; it might turn the current.

He had forgotten almost what the lovely, living face was like; he only remembered it cold and dead.

He purchased the picture, but it only worked him deeper woe—deeper, darker woe. He fancied the eyes followed him and mocked him; he had a terrible dread that some time or other the lips would open and denounce him.

Then, when he could bear it no longer, he determined to kill himself. He would have no more of it.

All London was horrified to hear that Lord Vivianne had been found dead; he had shot himself.

Even the journals that, as a rule, avoided details, told how he died with his face turned to a picture—the picture of a beautiful girl with a fair face, tender eyes, and sweet, proud lips—a picture called "Innocence."

If any one dares to believe that he can sin with impunity, let him stand for one minute while a sin-stained suicide is laid in his lonely grave.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

FIVE years have passed since the occurrence of the events recorded in the preceding chapter. Lord Vivianne's place was filled, his name forgotten; flowers bloomed fair and fragrant on the grave of Lady Doris; the earl and countess had drawn themselves more from public life, and found their happiness in the midst of their children.

The duchess seemed to have renewed her youth in those same children, and was never so happy as when she could carry one or two of them off with her to Downsbury Castle.

One autumn day Mattie Brace stood at the little gate that led from the garden to the meadow. The sun was shining, and the red-brown leaves were falling from the trees.

She was thinking of Earle; how prosperous, how fortunate he had been during these last few years, when he had worked with all his heart to drown his sorrow. How he had worked. And now he reaped the reward of all industry—success.

The critics and the public hailed him as the greatest poet of the day. In the House of Commons he was considered a brilliant leader, a brilliant speaker.

He had speculated, too, and all his speculations turned out well; he had sent his last poem to Mattie, and told her he should come to hear her opinion from her own lips.

It was not a great surprise to her, on that bright autumn day, to see him crossing the meadows. How many years had she waited for him there! She thought him altered.

They had written to each other constantly, but they had not met since the tragedy. He was older, his face had more strength and power, with less brightness. She thought him handsomer, though so much of the light of youth had died away from him.

He held out his hand to her in loving greeting, then he bent down and kissed her face.

"Such a kind, sweet face, Mattie," he said; "and it is sweeter than ever now."

He spoke truly. Mattie Brace had never been a pretty girl, but she was not far from being a beautiful woman.

The rich brown hair was smooth and shining as satin; the kindly face had an expression of noble resolve that made it beautiful; the brown eyes were clear and luminous; the lips were sensitive and sweet. Earle looked at her with critical eyes.

"You please me very much, Mattie," he said. "Do you know what I have come all the way from London to ask you?"

"No," she replied, in all simplicity; "that I do not."

"I want you to be my wife, dear. I know all that lies between us. If I can not offer you the enthusiastic worship of a first love, I can and do offer you the truest and deepest affection that a man can give. I always liked you, but of late I have begun to think that you are the only woman in the world to me."

"Can I make you happy, Earle?" she asked, gently.

"Yes, I am sure of it."

"But I am not beautiful," she said, sadly.

An expression of pain came over his face.

"Beauty! Oh, Mattie, what is it? Besides, you are beautiful in my eyes. Be my wife, Mattie; I will make you very happy."

It was not likely that she would refuse, seeing that she had loved him for years. They were married much to the delight of Lord and Lady Linleigh.

Now Earle has a beautiful house of his own; his name is honored in the land; his wife is the sweetest and kindest of women; his children are fair and wise. He has one golden-haired girl whom they call Doris; and if Earle loves one of the little band better than another, it is she.

He has a spacious and well-adorned room opening on a flowery lawn; it is called a study.

And here, sometimes, at sunset, his children gather round him, and they stand before a picture—a picture on which the sunbeams fall, shining on a radiant face, with bright, proud eyes, and sweet, smiling lips—a picture known to them by the name of "Innocence."

[THE END.]

FLATTERY NECESSARY.—"Are any portraits true to life? No, most decidedly they are not," was the reply of a fourth-rate portrait painter, to a query from the writer.

"A well-known artist who can name his own price, and even then be conferring a favor on his sitter, can please himself as to the fidelity of the likeness, but those lower down the ladder, like myself, cannot afford to be too truthful, or we should never get a commission.

"From my experience, I think everyone likes to be flattered a little in their portrait, and the difficulty is to do this, and still preserve a decent likeness to the subject.

Sometimes the sitter makes this impossible, as in the case of a gentleman of Hebrew extraction, whom I once painted.

"He had an enormous nose, and though I curtailed its dimensions very considerably in my picture, he was not satisfied. A further reduction was made, with the result that no one looking at the portrait would have suspected the nationality of the original.

"The weaker sex are easier to please, since they do not care so much about the accuracy of the likeness. Provided the picture makes them look younger and prettier than they really are, it will satisfy most of them.

"I may mention that most of my lady subjects have been, hitherto, of what is termed 'uncertain age,' and one of them, I recollect, brought me a photograph, evidently taken years before, and requested me to paint her portrait from that, as it was the best she had ever had taken, and her expression was so difficult to catch.

"Even when the features of the face are rigidly adhered to, vast improvements may be made by the addition of a good complexion, and the eyes are easily made more beautiful by enlargement or a change in the expression. Any conspicuous blemishes, such as a redness of the nose, for example, would, of course, be left out entirely."

NOT THE SAME THING.—A man who is fortunate enough to grow old slowly is apt to be disagreeably surprised when he encounters any of his less favored friends. It is related of Emile Augier, the French author whose statue is to be seen in Paris, that on a public occasion an old, bent, broken man seized his hand and exclaimed—

"Why, how are you, old fellow?"

Augier, who showed very little of the effect of advancing years, seemed somewhat taken aback.

"Why, don't you know me, old boy? We were classmates."

Augier greeted him affectionately, and then went on, remarking to other friends who were present—

"Well, I knew that man was just my age; but I didn't dream I was his!"

EDUCATION.—Every year witnesses improvements, both in the methods and practice of education; yet it may be that in the multiplicity of the various branches, and the necessary efforts to master more complex systems, some of the underlying necessities of every-day life may be passed over too lightly.

That education consists more in drawing out the untried faculties than in any amount of knowledge put into the mind and memory has become almost a truism. Yet the actual realization of it in every hour of teaching is not yet an accomplished fact.

The truth is that, in every subject introduced for the culture of the young, there is an under current of personal thought and action, most necessary to arouse and preserve. While this is kept alive and active, education is going on; when it becomes lifeless and torpid, no amount of instruction, however well planned and imparted, will be of real value.

NEVER DONE.

BY M. C.

In the depths of our nature we cherish them all,
These dreams of a by-gone day;
Those visions which haste to our faintest call
And will not be driven away;
These phantoms which follow us year by year,
From dawn to the set of the sun,
These ghosts of the passion we once held dear—
The things that we never have done.

The plans that we made for the whole world's good,
And the dreams of a perfect life
Which transfigured our souls when we eagerly stood
Awaiting the oncoming strife;
The soldiers we placed in front of the van,
Who died with the very first gun,
The heroes who fell ere the battle began—
The things that we never have done.

The vows that we made to our innocent souls
In the time when our spirit was young,
Confront us as time to eternity rolls
With the songs that we never have sung;
The beautiful things which we never have made,
The work which was never begun,
The blossoms that grew but to wither and fade—
The things that we never have done.

They whisper their plaint in the day-time,
They haunt us in dreams at night,
They shadow our hours of play-time,
They judge us for wrong or right;
They wail in the winds, and the plashing
Of the waters which sobbingly run;
They ring through the thunder's loud crashing—
The things that we never have done.

They lift their hands at our every turn
With their dear, sad faces cold,
And at sight of their beauty our tired hearts burn
With the fire of a love grown old.
And as the soul of the world's despair,
And calm as a cloistered nun,
Yet sweet as the smile on a dead face fair—
The things that we never have done.

A Water Horse.

BY M. C.

FEW people may even have heard of this species of animal.

It is known in Ireland nevertheless and said to inhabit certain lonely loughs, or rivers.

In these it is seen perhaps twice in a century; to the amazement and terror of whatever privileged individual has ventured unawares to its favorite haunts and beheld with his own eyes the creature rear its horrid head from the bed of waters where it at other times reposes.

Perhaps no one alive knows more on the subject than myself. The only other man who saw one—to my knowledge—in the last ten years, is dead.

On the face of the matter it would seem that as the water horse is of such rare and peculiar Irish breed, it is strange an Englishman should have had the luck to make acquaintance with one. But it happened in this way.

Being newly appointed adjutant to the Black northern Militia, Colonel Douglas, who then commanded the regiment, asked me to stay for a week or two at Castle Douglas till they should be called out, when the mess would be in full swing.

Our headquarters were in Ballygobbin town, a mile off, where I ultimately got lodgings over the "fleaher's shop."

Staying at the castle was pleasant, excepting that every few days there came over me certain vague and longing sensations, which some people term tugging at heart-strings, and that made me want to be in quite another place.

This was naturally Cushenderg Rectory, where Aileen Connolly was pricking her pretty fingers sewing her own wedding gown, and only woman knows what else besides for our marriage in summer.

Now she was the whole cause of my seeing the water horse. For if I had never seen her, what would have brought me, Gilbert Lennox, Captain in the Moss troopers, over to Ulster?

And if we had not been engaged, what would have moved me to accept the adjutancy of the Black Northerns, or made me ride, or tramp over to Cushenderg, however dog-tired, on every possible opportunity.

The Rectory was nine miles from Castle Douglas by road. But as the crow flies it was only about half as far, the reason being that a river lay between us which widened for a mile and a half into a long narrow lake.

This lake was a lonely place hardly ever frequented, for the road took a great curve to avoid it. At the lower end however there was a cottage where a man kept a crazy flat-bottomed boat, as I had found out when shooting wild duck thereabouts in the winter.

And once or twice when it was inconvenient for the Colonel to lend me his dog-cart, I walked over to the lake and borrowed the boat which was kept at the Castle Douglas side, you see.

As it was little used all I had to do was to tie the boat to some bush after crossing, where it remained awaiting my return. Generally this happened fairly early, as my host liked my company at dinner, and the Castle Douglas cook was first-rate.

But sometimes I was beguiled to staying later at the Rectory, not returning till eleven or so at night.

On these occasions Hughie Beck, my servant and an ardent militiaman, looked at me in admiring doubt.

Then, while laying out my clothes, he would remark, avoiding my eye and adopting a dryly jocular tone.

"There's some men in the country would not be just anxious to cross that after dark."

"Why not, Beck? Are there any boys about on bad business?"

"That I can't undertake to say. But" (with an effort) "you might see the water horse. Did ye never hear tell of him?"

As his fame had not yet reached me, Hughie enlightened my ignorance. With this faithful follower I always assumed a reflective countenance when the talk turned on banshees or bogies.

This was no hypocrisy; folk lore is often interesting, and a smile will freeze the most piquant details on the lips of the rustic narrator.

Hughie's story was vague but condensed itself to this. Some forty years ago, and various times before then according to tradition, a fearsome monster had been seen swimming in the lake.

Popular fancy varied the accounts of its appearance, so that Hughie could no more describe it than he might the sea-serpent. But it had a great head like a horse, and the forelegs of it churned the water white.

Then it came out to gaze upon the banks, and seeing a man watching it, pursued him with open jaws. Had he not fled for his life there was no telling what would have happened.

But some did say—here Beck's voice dropped two notes, though he affected an airy smile—some did say there was more than one had been lost in the lake when boating near nightfall. And they had come to their end by no ordinary means.

Well, there came one afternoon late in May when Colonel Douglas drove me round by Cushenderg. He could not stay long, having an engagement to dine with his wife at a neighboring county magnate's house.

I seized the chance naturally to propose spending a whole blissful evening at the Rectory.

So my worthy host drove off, leaving us after some playful witticisms which stained Aileen's cheeks, that were generally of milk rose-leaf hue, till they looked as if she had been slapped.

After my betrothed had recovered from the uncomfortable confusion into which this old joker had thrown her, we spent an idyllic evening together.

I can remember now, as we sat on a crazy wooden bench, lost to view, a few yards from the house porch, the patch of white clover exhaling honey scent at our feet, and the lilac bushes that embowered us. And across the tender dusk of the sky northern lights streamed up, wavered, and died out mysteriously.

To make the evening still pleasanter, Bill Connolly, my best friend, brother-in-law-to-be, happened to have arrived home unexpectedly.

When Aileen reluctantly said good-night, with last injunctions not to be too late for my midnight walk, his reverence genially sat up with Bill and me for awhile. Then he too went upstairs leaving us old comrades together.

The smoking den was partially detached from the dwelling-rooms of the Rectory, so that our voices disturbed no one. This consideration, and some very good whisky, made us feel we had much to say to each other. So that the clock hands had crept round to the small hours of the morning before I recalled Aileen's parting behest.

However, I was not likely to be back at Castle Douglas late, as Bill and I agreed with friendly grins. Quite the contrary.

"You are certain sure this boat of yours is on the right side of the lake, Gillie?"

"On the right. It never once struck me until this moment! I fully meant to send Hughie Beck over about that blessed old tub, and something put it out of my head 'clean and clever' as he would say. Well, no matter. A walk will do me all the good in the world. There will be time for a cold bath and coffee before the recruits begin their musketry."

"By the holy poker, what a fine thing it is to be in love," murmured Bill in his beard admiringly.

"Oh, good evening—and don't finish the whisky," was my retort, dropping out of the study window, so as to avoid any noise in opening the house door. I started on my way.

Of all the lovely nights I ever was out in that one comes back to my memory as the most delicious. By day the country around was not especially beautiful, but that May night it seemed transfigured. On either side of the road the hedgerows showed ghostly white with masses of hawthorn.

Beyond, the meadows were like dark lakes of springing grass ruffled in waves by the breeze. The landrail's crake was hoarse music, perhaps, yet its call brings happy boyish memories always back, and I could better miss many a feathered songster with sweeter voice.

"Nine miles! It will be pretty good going!" was my mental remark as, putting my mind to the task, I stepped briskly out.

The whole earth lay asleep. Except the landrails, an owl that flitted once past noiselessly, and myself, nought seemed waking.

What was that?

There came a panting close behind; then a whitish creature sprang upon me snuffling and whining as if eager to devour me body and bones.

"Why, Duchess—there, there—down, old girl. What on earth brought you after me?"

The assailant was a young pointer of mine they kept for me at Cushenderg. It had taken a tremendous fancy to me, and was always trying to sneak off at my heels when I left the Rectory.

On this especial evening Duchess had followed me to the study, deserting her usual mat in the hall. And while Bill stood meditatively at the open window by which I had taken leave, she roused from sleep, and made a sudden bolt for freedom.

After hunting for her master vainly round by the stable, deaf to Bill's whistles, she had struck my track, and was as overjoyed as if we were old friends meeting after years.

"What a vast amount of affection a dog does waste on everyday trifles. You're a nuisance; that's what you are. But as you won't go back, you must come along now."

After all, a dog is not a bad companion for a night walk. Soon I found myself caressing Duchess' head when she thrust it against my hand.

And with a pleased sense of having a perfectly trustworthy and sympathetic confidant, I whispered brief utterances of ecstacy recalling late bliss, hinted vague golden hopes for the future that I would not have told to the ears of but one other living being. Good Duchess! she responded with affectionate caresses; threw no cold water; asked no questions.

By now I had got over about three miles of the road and looked regretfully towards the dark rising ground that hid the lake. Suddenly a happy idea entered my brain.

A cold bath in the morning would be certainly necessary to reinvigorate my muscles after this midnight tramp.

Well, why not have it on the way? The lake end was not too much to attempt for a good swimmer, as I boasted myself to be. Then it was only a short way back to the castle.

The key of the side-door was in my pocket. And two hours' good sleep will refresh me mightily for my morning's work. Hurrah—here goes!

So master and dog struck across country with renewed zest, mutually pleased at the prospect of a novel experience.

And soon we had mounted the hilly ground ahead and looked down on the grey lake lying placid in its darker setting of hills and bushes.

Dawn had not yet begun to redden the eastern sky. Now and again there came a chirp, or a rustle from some thicket as we brushed through. Otherwise all was as still as if the earth were holding its breath.

Arrived at a grassy spot by the water-side I undressed with satisfaction, and soon stood like primeval man on the shore.

Rolling my clothes into a tight bundle I tied them firmly to my stick; as to my boots, once the laces were well fastened together they hung round my neck safe enough.

So equipped and holding both stick and garments high over my head with one hand I slipped like an eel into the cool wave and began swimming across.

As a cold bath the lake was a luxury. It was delicious after the first plunge; and in spite of the awkwardness of keeping the scarecrow of stick and clothes well upright I got on splendidly, but for Duchess.

She swam faster than her owner, and her white body kept circling round and round me, while she splashed the water and made as much noise, snuffling and breathing hard as a young hippopotamus.

Now there was light enough to distinguish objects fairly when we got near the other side. And there was a man on the bank fishing for bream.

At least he had been fishing, but on hearing the noise made by the unknown animal swimming in the darkness he stopped and stared with open eyes and mouth.

Small blame to him! For what must have become visible, stroke by stroke, to his horrified vision was a reptile with a neck little thicker than your thumb rearing a shapeless mass of a head out of the water.

The man seemed fairly paralised with fright. He stood only a few yards off when I first noticed him, and by his attitude could not turn his staring eyes away from the big and little monsters approaching the bank.

Perhaps he thought himself safe on the land, but the poor fellow was soon undeceived. For feeling the water shallow, I rose to my feet, still holding, as a matter of precaution, the stick and clothes above my head.

It never struck me that this added to my stature, making me nearly nine feet.

And I had just begun to call out, "Hallo, there, don't be frightened," when he let a shout out of him they might have heard at Cushenderg. Dropping his rod he turned and ran as if old Nick was at his heels.

Just for the fun of it I gave a yell or two and ran after him. Not far though, for it was rough ground to go over barefooted.

"Come back," you fool!" I shouted, adding human explanations, at the top of my voice.

But there was not a sound in answer and he had scudded out of sight.

Thereupon I stopped and dressed myself with an easy conscience. Uprose the sun as I entered Castle Douglas demesne. The birds were all twittering in thicket and tree. And down lay I and slept for two hours and more the sleep of a just man.

Aileen and I were honeymooning in a new and exhilarating fashion, on the top of a railway carriage attached to an engine driven by Bill, on a new line and principle of his own over Mont Blanc and adjacent peaks, when a peculiarly violent jolt wakened me from this dream of bliss. Beck was shaking his shoulder and calling in my ear:

"Captain Lennox, sir, you're late. It's twenty minutes since I woke you, and old Douglas will be raising ructions if the horse and machine is kep' waiting. An' Mr. Newman the butler is standing with his watch in 'is hand, downstairs this minnit to give you till the last before he thunners the gong."

Hughie, despite my guiding efforts at polishing this rough son of the soil, relapsed under excitement into his native manners. Time pressed too greatly to permit of my impressing some facts on his attention.

Firstly that he never had wakened me, and further that he should transfer some of his respect for Newman, the butler, to the wealthy landowner and master of the castle whom he irreverently termed old Douglas.

A tremendous hurry in dressing and the news, over a brief breakfast, that my host was suddenly obliged to leave home for some days, prevented any mention of my adventure of the preceding night.

Her ladyship, who kept me company for some days, would not have justly appreciated the tale, so I put it by to keep for the Colonel over "the walnuts and the wine."

Indeed, it slipped my memory till the night of his return. Then some jesting allusion of his about lover's pig-image recalled my darkling swim in the lake.

"And who was the man you frightened?" asked the Colonel, laughing heartily.

"I haven't an idea."

But next morning brought an answer. My factotum Beck had seemed bursting with suppressed news for a day or so, like an inflated bladder awaiting a prick.

A remark of mine that I was going to Cushenderg and meant to cross the lake acted as a pin.

"Did ye hear the news that's going in the country about that lake? Faith, it's true too. Well, as sure as you are here, Captain Lennox, sir, the man what used to herd the cows about this very place saw the water horse. He was there five nights ago, fishing——"

"What? Never mind, Beck, go on."

"Well, and he heard an awful snorting in the water, and then a water-horse that had a pup swimming alongside it com' towards him, at the sight of which he near lost his senses.

"It had a fearsome head and goggling eyes an' a neck like an eel. Then it stood up, and man! it was forty feet high. It came roaring after him, like a dozen mad bulls.

"So he run for dear life; but troth! if he saved his life the one way he lost it the other. For he never stopped or took breath till he got home here to his own door.

"And the two next days all the neighbors was going to see him in his bed, an' he just whispered like, telling them what he could. But you're laughing!"

"Beck, did you never wonder what wet my boots the other night; and how I got back from Cushenderg?" Whereupon I told the true tale.

My story ended, to a silent accompaniment of Hughie's gaping and facial contortions, I triumphantly announced:

"So now, I'll have to visit the man who herds the cows, and tell him rather more."

"It's another man now," said Beck gloomily. "He's gone."

"Gone! Where to?"

"God rest his sowl, that I cannot say. But he died. They're burying him to-day."

Through the window came the slow strokes of a church bell.

"Hughie!" said I solemnly. "There are a deal too many fools in this world, and one less is a blessing."

"Faith, if you go on, Captain, you'll soon depopulate the country of a good few of them."

And then both Beck, and later on the Colonel himself, begged me earnestly to keep my own counsel about the incident.

As a matter of fact I did have a regretful feeling inwardly for some time, which was weak; but there was no use in allowing my admiring follower to guess that.

SERVANTS MUST GIVE BONDS.

ALTHOUGH not generally known, it has been the custom in the family of a rich New Yorker for the butlers to give bonds for the safe keeping of the silver. At the house the plate is stored in a chamber adjoining the dining room, where two rows of safes are built into the walls, the upper row being reached by steps and an inside balcony. To the care of the butler is consigned these rare collections.

It is his duty every night to see that each piece of silver is put away carefully, and he gives it out in the morning to be cleaned.

Not only is the butler responsible for the property in his charge, but he is also held accountable for the servants under him. Should the footman spirit away any valuables the butler might, like Othello, find his occupation gone.

Not only the silver safe, but the wine cellar, in a measure, comes under the butler's charge, and to guard its contents from unlawful appropriations one member of the fashionable set has devised a system, which is being taken up by other owners of that ne plus ultra of luxury—a wine cellar.

A "cellar book" is the invention which is designed to act as a check or show the quantity of wine drank in a given time.

The master of the house keeps the keys of the wine cellar, and gives out so many dozens of wine each week, and the butler enters in the cellar book the number of bottles and the kind of wine used each day.

If not quite as important, nearly as costly, are the treasures which come under the charge of the lady's maid. Her mistress' toilet table, for instance, is decked with cut glass tortoise shell, ivory and silver of cunning workmanship.

In addition there are countless treasures—laces, fans, gloves, and jewels—as convenient to the hand of the maid as to the hand of the mistress; many women, indeed, never look a drawer, or if they do, the keys are turned over to the personal servant, who is accountable for all valuables.

And where are these paragons found or sought. Never at an intelligence office.

"When a man comes soliciting a situation as a butler, or a woman a place as a lady's maid, I have no opinion of either," is the statement of a proprietor of an employment agency where many of the "400" obtain servants.

The smart set, it seems, never think of going to an office for a butler, though they do not hesitate in calling for a footman, a coachman, or a cook.

They—that is, the butler and the lady's maid—are "acquired" like greatness.

One's friends are breaking up housekeeping, perhaps, and are glad to find a place for their trusted servitors; more often than otherwise the butler in a Fifth avenue mansion was originally picked up in England, like a choice bit of bric-a-brac, but perhaps not by his present employer.

He—that is, the butler, began life as a page in some titled English family; in course of time he became a valet, and finally graduated a full fledged butler.

His ambition then is America and higher wages. And often when he changes employers, for which there are various reasons, his former master is willing to give bonds for his future good conduct.

The price of the fin de siecle butler is above rubies, for, in addition to his other duties, he finds time to look after your inkstand, renew the paper in your blotting book, change your calendar daily, and place the new monthly railway guide at your hand.

Ladies' maids are acquired in much the same manner as butlers.

A propos to servants generally and their "characters," the feasibility of adopting a "service book" is being discussed by society.

This plan is proposed by a woman who spent last winter in Prussia, where the people pride themselves on having settled the servant question in a summary as well as successful manner.

All servants must apply to the local magistracy for a so-called service book, in which, on the first page, are the name, age, and a description of the owner written by the magistrate and stamped with his seal.

Questions follow relating to the capacity in which the domestic has served, date of entrance into service, reason for discontinuance of such service, and last of all, a demand for remarks on part of employers regarding character, behavior, and ability which the servant has shown during the term of service. These questions are answered in writing by the mistress or master when the servant leaves.

If the words "faithful," "honest," "industrious," are wanting, the new mistress is on her guard. Any evidence which can be proved unjust may be complained of.

Every employer must give some sort of an answer to the questions in the service book, and if she writes favorably of servants whom she knows to be dishonest the next employer may prosecute her.

KAFFIR DOCTORS.

The medical profession as pursued by natives among their kin is primitive, but in most cases efficacious and lucrative, and, like several Kaffir customs and procedure, is recognised within reasonable limits by the law of the land.

In Natal, native physicians are divided into two classes—medicine men and herbalists.

The former, known to their fellows as "Isinyanga so kwe isipa," are especially proficient in the healing art; while the latter, rejoicing in the name of "Isinyanga Zemeti," effect their cures through the medium of herbs with medicinal properties, of which there are over one hundred species in the colony known to the natives.

One of the most frequent cases with which a native doctor has to deal is snake bite, and for this there are at least a dozen herbal antidotes, the chief of which is the root of the aster asper, a small plant somewhat like the daisy, with lilac colored flowers.

It has been used with success by hunters on their dogs when snake-bitten, but the secret of the infallible remedy for the deadliest snake-bite is said to have died with Cetewayo, who had a gray powder which never failed to cure.

Herbs for cattle diseases are plentiful, but so far none of them has stemmed the onslaughts of rinderpest.

The isi-nwasi is a favorite remedy for "redwater" in cattle and is also employed as an emetic.

The um-belebele is very valuable as an eye salve, and to its milky sap the late Sir Theophilus Shepstone was indebted for the preservation of a valuable horse which had got some of the blinding juice of the euphorbia into its eye.

The most popular plant, however, is the u-mondi, whose romantic roots act as a very wholesome tonic. It is on the point of extinction in the colony and a large price is now paid for its roots.

When called in the doctor receives a fee known as "ulugxa," varying from 2 shillings to half a guinea, according to his standing. Should a cure result a further fee is claimable, but failure to cure is unrewarded by a payment beyond the call fee.

Every doctor has to take out a license to practice from the magistrate or administrator of native law in the district, which must be favorably endorsed by the chief of his or her (for lady doctors have existed from time immemorial among the Kaffirs) kraal.

For this license a payment of £3 is made, and the holder is immediately removed from the list of practising physicians if so rash as to sell, or profess to possess, love philtres or charms to soothe the savage breast.

And in the code of native law, male and female diviners and other quacks, such as rain and lightning doctors, are expressly forbidden to practice the black art.

Though practically extinct in the colony, the profession of dream doctor was in full swing in Zululand prior to the dethronement of Cetewayo, and they pretended to detect and smell out any one guilty of malpractices—a convenient method of doing away with awkward relatives and opponents.

Chaka himself assumed the office of dream doctor, and in pursuit of his profession (?) on one occasion brutally murdered no fewer than 400 women for mere lust of blood.

His last words were in keeping with his assumed role of a diviner; for, as he expired at the hands of Dingaan's assegais, he exclaimed:

"You think you will rule this country when I am gone; but I see the white man coming, and and he will be your master."

A GRAVE MATTER.—"There is no end to the foolish and often irreverent inscriptions that people would place upon gravestones were they not nowadays subject to control," said the secretary of a great London cemetery to an interviewer the other day.

"All plans and proposals for gravestones and inscriptions have to pass through my hands, and I assure you that, very much against my will, I have to interfere pretty constantly.

"Here is quite a recent instance. Upon the gravestone of a young captain in the merchant shipping service his relations proposed to put, in commercial phrase, 'Cleared for Heaven.'

"Not long since the wife and friends of a tolerably well-known jockey wanted to have the dead man's saddle, whip, and cap laid in a cover over his grave; and on the grave of a man killed in an accident the relatives gravely contested my right to stop an inscription which said, 'Murdered by his masters.'

"It is a sad thing to say, but spite and venum are not always buried with the dead, and I have had to stop many gross libels on the living that people proposed to put on gravestones.

"Sometimes—at their own risk, of course—those who pay for gravestones and monuments induce the stone-cutter they employ to endeavor to smuggle inscriptions through; but we exercise the most rigid scrutiny.

"I have known cases where sunk letters have been filled with putty or cement with a view to this being quietly picked out afterwards, when the letters would of course show.

"One of the coolest proposals I ever knew was that made by the heir of a manufacturer of sweets.

"The deceased man, it seemed, made a special kind of 'butter-scotch,' and the heir proposed that sample packets of this should be placed on the grave daily for the refection of visitors to the cemetery."

THE obvious duty of the physician is to obey every urgent summons at the expense of convenience, comfort and health, regardless of the fact that he is mortgaging the future that belongs to his family by exposing himself to the elements, or to contagion, or to personal violence; for it is given to him, in larger measure than any other, to contribute to the total of "the greatest good to the greatest" number" in this world of suffering.

Scientific and Useful.

PAVEMENTS.—Some of the pavement in use on the streets of Vienna is composed of granulated cork, mixed with asphalt and other cohesive substances. It is compressed into blocks of convenient size. Its advantages are cleanliness, durability and economy.

THOUGHT WEIGHING.—A thought-weighing machine has been invented by Professor Mosso, an Italian physiologist, the rush of blood to the head turning the scale. The machine is so delicate that it can measure the difference in the exertion needed to read Greek from that required for Latin.

ELECTRICITY.—It is evident that before long electricity will invade many new departments of action, but the proposal to cremate people by its aid seems a little startling. A patent has been taken out in Paris for an electric furnace to that end. After all, why not?

WOOD.—Soft wood becomes stronger than hard wood under pressure. The case of a block of pine taken from the middle of an upright which formed a part of the timber support in the Comstock mines for twelve years gives an example of the effect of heavy pressure on wood fibre. It is so hard that it cannot be cut with a knife, and one of its sides is polished from the squeezing it has undergone. Yellow pine, from the lower levels of the Comstock, has been so compressed by the enormous weight that its density exceeds that of lignum vitæ.

MORTAR.—The use of brick-dust mortar as a substitute for hydraulic cement is now recommended on the best engineering authority, experiments made with mixtures of brick dust and quicklime showing that blocks of one half inch in thickness, after immersion in water for four months, bore without crushing, crumbling, or splitting, a pressure of 1,500 lbs. per square inch. The use of brick-dust mixed with lime and sand is said to be generally and successfully practised in the Spanish dominions, and is stated to be in all respects superior to the best cement in the construction of culverts, drains, tanks, or cisterns.

Farm and Garden.

IN SUN AND RAIN.—Don't allow farm machinery to lie out in the sun and rain. It will pay in dollars and cents to protect them from the elements.

SHEEP.—Sheep will find something on almost any field, and will not allow a single young weed to escape. They are valuable as scavengers and a few sheep should be kept on every farm.

PLANTS.—The most tender varieties of conservatory plants should be brought to the conservatory or window garden quite early, where they will be out of the reach of frost, and can become accustomed to their winter quarters before the fires are started.

DUST.—During the summer months the finely powdered dust from the road bed should be gathered. Its best use will be found in the hen house, where it can be placed in shallow boxes to be used as dust baths. It is also good to sprinkle over heaps of hen manure to absorb the ammonia as the manure decomposes.

COLD WEATHER.—To turn a cow out of a warm barn into zero, and below, weather, is to chill her to her marrow, and calls for a needless expenditure of food to supply a heat that the stable was doing for nothing. Milk giving calls for a relaxed condition of the system, and pinching cold demands just the reverse, as milk giving is beneficence giving, and fighting cold is self-protection, which is keeping everything possible from the milk pail.

THE MINOR INDUSTRIES.—There is no industry that does not have its full complement of workers, but all manufacturers and new lines of goods when they have reason to believe that such will be salable. The object is to keep the factories in operation. The farmers can also add to their list. Whenever they find that there are portions of the year when they may be idle the first consideration should be how best to utilize such time. The minor industries on the farm are sources of profit.

IN sudden cases of Croup, and other alarming affections of the Throat and Lungs, Doctor D. Jayne's Expectorant is invaluable. It often proves an elixir of life when death seems very near.

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Good But Not Liked.

Before we look more closely into the reasons why there are a number of undoubtedly good people who are not liked, there is one general objection that may be met by anticipation. Are not such criticisms of well-meaning people who are somewhat unlovely in their ways instances of want of charity?

To that we may reply that, be as charitable as you please, make all possible allowances, blind your eyes to weaknesses of temperament and training, still the fact remains that unconsciously the very virtues of certain people make them hard and repellent, disagreeable and cheerless.

We do not deny that there is a kernel of real goodness underneath the hard and jagged shell of their aggressive virtues. But charity itself ought not to call for silence upon faults obvious to every one except the sufferer; and, if only half a dozen of the unsympathetic are led, by reading this essay, to question themselves and ask whether they are or are not ungracious and stunted in their nature, notwithstanding all their good wishes and sterling principles, our end will have been served, and we shall be content to risk the charge of want of charity.

The general fault observable in most of the good people who are not liked is a narrowness of mind, with a retinue of weaknesses in its wake. They hold so exactly and sternly all their beliefs, within so clearly marked a circumference of opinion, that wickedness lies on the other side of the line.

Truth is quite plain to them, and they do not see why it should not be as easily grasped by everybody else. They are perfectly satisfied that they understand all about it; they see no reason for hesitation or limitations or tender treatment of hazy error. To be different from them is to be in some sense an opponent, and to be an opponent is to be in a very serious condition.

This frame of mind leads naturally to severity of judgment, austerity of behavior, and quickness and certainty in moral disapprobation. It increases immensely the number of faults to which mankind is prone, and it would be a paltering with truth to look upon faults as trivial.

So people who are brought into contact with the rigidly virtuous find themselve constantly on the strain, unless they are content to feel without resentment that they are under the disapproving eyes of observing and relentless judges. The fatal objection to this exacting goodness is that those who suffer from it are convinced that these good men are not the best of men, have not a plethora of the virtues, but, on the contrary, are lacking in many qualities that, under a broader view, are not of secondary importance.

Puritanism has done noble deeds. Its stern spirit, acting in the days before men had come to see, in this country, that joy and relaxation and the artistic are just as truly a good part of life as the earnest and forceful and sober, was a great spur to men, and made them splendid heroes; but even then, when life was sterner, joyless, and fanatical, the spirit that we are describing could not have been really popular, and now it is obviously out of date, and men will not concede its rigid demands.

A temper of the kind we have described has a bad effect upon the man who harbors it. Although he may desire to be the humblest of creatures, and may see his own shortcomings as clearly as he sees those of other men, he can hardly avoid feeling a sense of the inferiority of the cheerful world which seems to him to be constantly and carelessly going wrong. If he was not somewhat deficient in the finer feelings, to begin with, they become deadened under the exactions of his principles.

A few truths assume an exaggerated importance, and the rest suffer proportionately. The graces of life are to him of comparatively slight account. He sees things in false relations, constructs sham virtues, is alarmed at sham faults, and is so convinced and earnest withal that he impinges on his neighbors at many points.

What wonder that they find him an uncomfortable companion and associate? His consistency and integrity are admired by the general public, by friends who watch him from a distance or read his speeches in the newspapers, and, in its way, this inflexibility is admirable; but people who get to know the man better, who live with him day by day and feel the friction of character, like him less and less.

The thought of him becomes to them synonymous with grim discomfort; and, if they are accustomed to plain speaking, and have no cause for keeping silence, they will probably from time to time relieve their surcharged feelings in the words of the impulsive reporter, "I hate him; and, if he is a good man, give me bad men to live with!"

One of the weaknesses of the good people who are not liked is that they are always putting other folk right. Now goodness should shine with its own light before men naturally; it should be a pervading influence. There is no need for it to be thrust into people's faces, or to be used after the fashion of the cynic's lantern—to find an honest man.

The goodness that discounts itself—and that we are rather ruefully considering—is very similar to the energy of the obtrusive housewife, who is always polishing something, or having a grand laundry junketing in the back premises, which steams the whole house, or "turning out" some of the rooms, and whose halls and carpets and household effects are so clean, except when they is in the disorder of being cleansed anew, that nobody dares to have the proper use of them. Such women are no doubt splendid housewives; but there are a hardness and a want of relish in our admiration of them.

Perhaps in the next house you will never see cleaning going on, and yet it will be clean; and it will be homely and restful—a place for use—and, filling it with an abiding satisfaction, though without obtrusiveness, there will be a womanly presence. Is there not in this contrast a true similitude of the goodness that flouts and buffets you into recognizing it, and the goodness that grows upon you like the dawning light or the sense of spring?

We are not arguing that goodness, if it is to be liked, must be silky and accommodating. No small part of the goodness that is most universally admired and loved is strong, inflexible, and even rugged and gnarled. But it is not aggressively worrying.

A man may be silent, independent, self-contained, and yet be popular, because it is known that beneath an unattractive appearance there is sterling worth. His unsocial qualities are kept in the background, because he is not fussy. It is not easy to decide whether it is better for well-meaning people who are trying to do good to be self-conscious and introspective or not. The best of all men are good without having anxious thoughts of goodness.

To such introspection is needless. But some there are who, meaning well, would come far nearer realizing their hopes and ideals if they would ask themselves whether by their manner, by their fussy interference, or their hard exacting virtue, or their austere disregard of the feelings of others, they are not driving people into an antagonistic frame of mind towards the goodness they hope to recommend. The good man who is not liked may be sure that somewhere in his character there is a hidden mistake.

If a man cannot be really loyal to truth without sympathy, neither can he be truly kind and generous without truthfulness. For, if he weakly yields to every one, right or wrong, and is what Emerson calls "a mush of concession," he is not really helping or strengthening or elevating any one; he is only indulging his own ease by giving some one a cheap, unwholesome, and transitory pleasure. The courage of truthfulness is one of the firmest foundations of all worthy friendship.

CHILDREN are often trained to expect only an unbroken series of enjoyments, and to feel defrauded and astonished when anything unpleasant interferes with their pleasures. Thus they grow up quite unable to bear the inevitable burdens of life or to cope with its ills. All power comes by exercise, and the power of endurance is no exception. To learn to endure bravely, to bear patiently, to suffer, if need be, heroically, is one of the most important parts of a youth's education.

HEALTH is the one thing needful; therefore no pains, expense, self-denial, or restraint to which we submit for the sake of it is too great. Whether it requires us to relinquish lucrative situations, to abstain from favorite indulgences, to control intemperate passions, or undergo tedious regimens—whatever difficulties it lays us under, a man who pursues his happiness rationally and resolutely will be content to submit.

WHEN a man thinks that nobody cares for him, and that he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question, "What have I done to make any one care for me, and to warm the world with faith and generosity?" It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least.

A GREAT, a good and a right mind is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave as well as of a prince; it came from heaven, and to heaven it must return; and it is a kind of heavenly felicity which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys, in some degree, even upon earth.

THE consciousness of work well done increases self-respect, stimulates the energies, elevates the aims, and exalts the character of the worker. While he is striving to accomplish some good in the world, a reactive good is entering into his own life and being.

DUTY stands for the most part close at hand, unobscured, simple, immediate. If any man has the will to hear her voice, to him is she willing to enter and to be his ready guest.

THE true way to gain influence over our fellow-men is to have charity towards them. A kind act never stops paying rich dividends.

MEN of the noblest disposition think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. G.—Men who marry sisters are in courtesy called brothers-in-law; but in point of fact they are brothers-in-law to the sisters only. They themselves are not related by the marriage.

D. D.—When feeding the stride of the ostrich is from 20 to 22 inches; when walking, but not feeding, 30 inches; and when terrified from 11 to 14 feet. Taking 12 feet as the average stride, they would accomplish 25 miles an hour.

L. L. D.—Rust may generally be removed from steel by immersing the article in paraffin oil for a few days. When rubbed off use emery paper to give it a polish. If the rust be of long standing and deep-seated, the article should be refinished.

LENA.—Stains in marble caused by oil can be removed by applying common clay saturated with benzine. If the grease has remained some time it will have become acidulated, and may injure the polish, but the stain will be removed.

R. B. L.—A thoroughbred horse in England, according to a sporting authority, is one, technically speaking, whose pedigree can be traced in every line of primogeniture to oriental ancestors; but a different rule has been adopted in the United States, where a horse is now regarded as a thoroughbred who has five crosses of pure blood.

J. C.—Mummers are rarely heard of now. They were a Christmas institution in country places fifty years ago. They were bands of country folks who dressed themselves up and went singing and acting a rude sort of drama, of which the origin is not very clear. Some persons consider it to be the story of St. George and the Dragon.

ATKINS.—If the engagement has since been broken off, it is certainly foolish to meet the young man in the way you do. Unless you renew the engagement in a proper manner, you should have nothing more to do with him. You really should be the best judge of your own feelings. We venture to think, however, that you would soon recover from his loss.

ELSIE.—Use your own judgment in the matter. If he is all your fancy paints him, he might make a good husband, but matrimony is such a practical undertaking that it would be well to find out whether his claims for preference are based solely upon good looks and pleasing manners. These do not pass as "money of the realm," when groceries and other housekeeping necessities are to be purchased.

F. F. N.—A gibbon is a genus of ape sometimes called wood-walkers from their extraordinary agility in swinging from tree to tree. They seem to form a connecting link between the apes and the baboons. In height they seldom exceed four feet. Their arms reach to the ground, and when extended are twice the length of their bodies. They generally live in pairs. They are inhabitants of Malacca and Siam.

SOUTH.—You inquire as to the authenticity of Mother Shipton's prophecy. The worthy named flourished in the reign of Henry the Eighth, and is said to have foretold the death of Wolsey, who threatened to burn her for the prediction. There is nothing resembling the "prophecy" recently attributed to her in the story of her life and predictions published in 1641, or in that dated 1797. The doggerel sold as hers is a clumsy imitation of the peculiarities of the verses published as hers at the dates named. Probably the old lady had nothing to do with either of the compositions.

R. L. R.—It is commonly supposed that the sudden and complete freezing of lakes and water-courses—not an infrequent occurrence in northern regions—must necessarily be fatal to all their inhabitants. Recent experiments by a French scientist have proved this to be an error. He cooled the water in an aquarium containing live carp to different degrees below freezing. At 0 deg. C. the fishes seemed to fall asleep, but were not frozen. At —3 deg. they were apparently dead, but retained their flexibility. The water being then gradually warmed, they revived, began to swim, and showed no signs of suffering. This would indicate that the polar seas, whose temperature never falls below 3 deg. C., may be a congenial abode for creatures inured to this degree of cold.

READER.—Do you think it is the duty of every man who comes into the world, or your own duty, to get a clear conception of the scheme of things, and a complete philosophy into which all happenings will neatly fit? The inequalities of personal power, of opportunity, of wealth, of temptation, and the problems of sin and pain which we find ingrained in the very nature of things, may worry every successive generation that likes to fret and fume over the matter. Can you not take things as they are, to begin with? Religion gives no promise of surcease from trouble. Its prime value is in enabling men and women to "bear the ills they have"—the martyr to endure, and not to question or demand a cessation of his sufferings. The man who begins his study of religion by making himself a critic of God from the first, assuming that his own slender stock of knowledge, precariously gathered during the few experimental years of his life, is adequate for arraigning the Eternal, is not likely to gain much satisfaction. The literature of the world contains full accounts of similar questioning by the wisest of men, and poetical expression of the profound forlornness to which it leads. You will not by your searchings unravel "the master knot of human fate."

THE WAY TO MY HEART.

BY D. H. C.

The way is long and a winding way,
Thickset with briars and flowering thorn;
Turn not aside from the light of day
To its shades forlorn.

Yet if you dare you may crush and kill
The weeds, and the blossoming brambles part,
And traverse through solitudes lone and still
The way to my heart.

But what if you find when the journey's done,
And the night-wind tosses your locks about,
And the hills are gray, and the pale-tressed sun
Has died, and the stars are out—

That where you might in the days gone by
Have found a palace of love and might,
A heap of ruins upbraid the sky
And the pitiless night?

At Last.

BY "RITA."

THE early shadows were cool and dewy. There was all summer's warmth and fragrance in the air, and abundant promise of further beauty in the garden nooks where the rich sunlight poured its living rays.

The house itself stood apart from the plantation, and only from its upper windows could the cabins of the negro quarters be seen.

It was not a large house, though like most Virginian dwellings it showed an ambitious tendency towards the architecture of the "mansion." Trees were about it in plenty, standing in irregular lines or shady groups.

Trees old and young, slight and massive, ornamental or imposing, but always impressing themselves upon the eye, and suggestive of that cool shade and repose so dear to the heart that loves Nature and is at home with her in all her moods.

It was a sad and very troubled heart that had at last found refuge here. The heart of a woman sorely tried—one who had learnt the meaning of desolation to its fullest extent.

There are women who regard sorrow as a vague suggestion of what "may be." There are others to whom it has become a reality in early life, and whose steps it has dogged with relentless zeal.

To this latter class belonged Anne Dumaresque—mistress of this old Virginian mansion, the beautiful and adored wife of Max Dumaresque, its owner, and mother of the merry noisy twins, who were at once the torment and delight of everyone on the estate of Felicite.

Besides these twins, Anne Dumaresque had a son—the offspring of a former marriage—who was now twenty years of age. He was a handsome but somewhat morose youth, addicted to abstruse and severe studies—much given to solitude—and rarely seen without a book in his hand.

His mother seemed always to regard him with a deference timid and apologetic. He appeared to stand in her sight as one apart from and yet important in her life, to whom, in fact, that life in its prosperous tranquility was ever offering itself as an apology, or an appeal.

The strange position which his step-son held in the household was one which had often perplexed Max Dumaresque, but the slightest hint of such perplexity, or inquiry as to its cause, so disturbed his wife, that the good humored, easy-going Virginian had long ceased to notice, or remark upon it.

It was the one shadow upon his perfect happiness, but a shadow too light and inconsequent to trouble him very much.

If the boy was gloomy and absorbed, or discontented with his position here, why, there was no use troubling one's head about it. Youth was full of vagaries, and must settle its real or fancied wrongs to its own satisfaction.

On this summer morning, while yet light and shadow played at will all over the smooth lawn, the wealth of roses, the tangled alleys of wild peach and magnolia, Stephen Tellant stood on the grassy sward, and looked with sombre eyes and drawn brows over the beautiful scene.

As usual, a book was in his hand, but his eyes were indifferent to its pages, and his thoughts preoccupied by a subject that of late had haunted him with a pertinacity to which his own melancholy and brooding nature added a strong leverage.

It led him back through a passage of time to those early years when life had been toilsome—hard—a thing of bitterness and shame; and yet again further back, to the presence and voice of one on whom his childish heart had lavished a wealth of adoring affection such as his timid, sad-faced mother had never inspired.

This presence—known by the name of "father"—a presence gay, joyous, debonnair, lavish of gifts, careless, caressing, delightful, had suddenly vanished from his life: and the loss had meant for him a sorrow so deep, a trial so great, that it had affected his whole nature from that hour.

What can death mean to a young child, save some chill and abstract shadow falling between it and its cherished desires—bringing darkness and silence where all was light and sound?

Gradually, as the brain awoke, as life became a reality, full of pitiful trials, and shadowed by unappeased bodily wants that were only answered by his mother's tears, Stephen Tellant began to attribute all such trials and discomforts to this loss of his father.

It was a subject which his mother avoided discussing with him—one from which she visibly shrank, and the result of her reticence was to make the boy still more interested in the subject.

It was of this subject his mind was full, as on this summer morning his sombre eyes swept from point to point of the surrounding landscape.

It was on his own doubts and misery his heart brooded, doubts fostered by superstition and a morbid habit of introspection, as well as by the curious lore and occult studies he had so long pursued.

A light step aroused him from his abstraction. A hand touched his arm.

"Stephen," said his mother's voice, "I wanted to tell you that your Aunt Althea has at last consented to come to us. I thought you would be pleased. She has put it off so often."

He glanced at the appealing face. His own was slightly stirred and moved as if by some inward emotion.

"I am very glad," he said presently. "When will she be here?"

"To-day, perhaps. To-morrow at the latest. Stephen," and again she touched his arm in that appealing way, "I hope you will not be too much influenced by what she says on—on that subject.

"It is not wise or right, or healthy, so it seems to me, to attempt to lift the veil between the dead and ourselves. They keep their secrets till we join them—they have done their work, and——"

"Mother," he interrupted coldly, "it is useless to discuss this matter; we should never agree upon it. There is always a deep seated prejudice against any new theory. Nothing in this world has been taught or believed without the teachers' suffering or persecution.

"No one knows that better than Aunt Althea. She has led a strange life, as her letters have told us, but a woman so gifted, so brilliant, so intelligent, would not suffer her judgment to be swayed by mere enthusiasm; her mind is too well balanced for that."

"I know you believe in her and all her strange doctrines," murmured Mrs. Dumaresque, nervously clasping and unclasping her slender fingers.

"I often wish that I had not left you so much to her influence—at that most impressionable period of life. Since then you are quite changed."

"If it is change to care for deeper things than mere physical enjoyment, to regard this body as a mere temporary vehicle for the expression of Self that it environs, to place that Self on a pinnacle above its surroundings and try to free it from the trammels of imposed conditions, then I am very thankful I am changed," he answered.

"This life is to me only a painful, yet a necessary probation for the future. We are so apt to lose sight of that, and place all hopes and ambitions in just the small present of human existence."

Anne Dumaresque sighed.

"That is just what your Aunt Althea says. I confess I am not ashamed of letting myself be merely happy, Stephen. I have had my dark hours, and my trials, and this present peace and comfort is very sweet to me."

"Because your nature is purely material," he answered brusquely. "To me life only means an imprisoned mind in an inefficient body. Search, strive, seek as I may, I am never content. I can never learn all I want to learn.

"If I thought this life was all—that bounded by its sordid needs and desires, one arrived only at the gates of Death, and thence passed into silence and sleep—I should be the most wretched of beings. Fortunately I can't and don't believe it."

"But, Stephen," she said wonderingly, "who does? There is, of course, a life beyond—a fuller and more perfect existence."

"For which," he said scornfully, "men fit themselves here by giving rein to every bestial enjoyment, every ignoble passion, every selfish desire, yet expect by the alchemy of a creed, or a fit of death-bed remorse, to be transformed into a new Entity capable of enjoying such a life as you describe.

"Mother, do we ever think how near the Borderland is to us? If so, how can we treat life as the irresponsible, limited, sensuous thing the world has made of it?"

Poor Mrs. Dumaresque paled and shivered as she stood there in the glowing morning light. He was terrible, this son of hers.

He made his own existence dreary enough by his fancies and theories; but surely he might leave her in peace to enjoy the good gifts Fate had at last showered upon her.

Unable to answer that last outburst, she made some hurried excuse and returned to the house, leaving him with his aunt's letter in his hand.

Stephen strolled down the shady avenue, reading as he went. If there was one being on the face of the earth whom this strange gloomy youth loved, it was this Aunt Althea.

She was his father's sister, and much of his boyhood had been passed under her care, when the cloud hung heaviest over his mother's life.

She lived now at Washington, where she supported herself by teaching and lecturing. She had never married, though she had been fair enough and gifted enough to win favor in many men's sight.

But she always maintained that she had no vocation for wifehood. She preferred to be free and untrammelled, and to live her own life as seemed best to her. In America a woman can do this and no one will say a word against her for so doing.

Therefore, Althea Tellant had selected her own society, followed the bent of her own inclinations, and pursued with passionate zeal and calling that appealed to her intellect, intoxicated her fancy, or promised to satisfy her inquiring and ever restless mind.

She was a firm believer in so-called spiritualism. That is to say, in possible communication between beings of the other world and those still chained to this material plane.

For years she had investigated this subject with close and unflagging zeal, striving to separate the phenomena represented from the possibility of deception on the part of its representatore—the importance of results from the oft time vulgarity and trustworthiness of the media selected, or self appointed to the task.

She herself possessed gifts of an uncommon order, and had been assured often that such gifts might be developed into quite remarkable significance if only she would devote herself entirely to their cultivation.

Althea Tellant, however, though she would not acknowledge it, had just sufficient of the spirit of Didymus to prevent her from a blind acceptance of the mystical.

So much was in it, and yet so much was wanting, that she stopped short of absolute conviction. Her utter fearlessness was apt to be disconcerting to the hired medium, who reckoned—not unfrequently—on the timorousness of sex, and the paralysing effects of error.

But Althea Tellant would converse with a spirit form as calmly and judicially as with her own personal friends, and apply to its veracity such severe tests and searching queries that it was often confounded and sought shelter from its intelligent foe in the friendly recesses of locked cabinet, or curtained doorway.

Still Althea Tellant always declared there was a great deal in spiritualism if only people would not interfere too rudely with its timid attempts at revelation, or scoff too illiberally at its weak points, or accept too enthusiastically its proffered tenets.

She herself took quite intermediate ground, and had been rewarded by some very extraordinary manifestations. Of these she seldom spoke.

Indeed they were only known to herself and one friend, a delicate, nervous little woman, possessed of a very high order of magnetism, and capable of trance mediumship to an extent that threatened serious evils to her physical frame.

The friend, who lived under the same roof, and shared much of Althea Tellant's life, was her chief assistant in pursuing this fascinating subject.

Althea kept a record of the information she received, and the nature of the manifestations she witnessed, but she told no third person of them, as she had a horror of publicity, and a dread of the persecution and curiosity and vulgar pursuit she would call down upon herself, were these facts ever known.

It was to this singular character that Stephen Tellant had confided much of his own perplexities, and to whom he owed, in a great measure, much of his strange enthusiasms and acquaintance with subjects that do not usually commend themselves to the study of the young.

They had kept up a constant correspondence since he had returned to his mother's roof, though for years they had not met.

The knowledge that at last she was to pay a long-promised and often postponed visit, was sufficient to rouse the young man from his usual state of gloomy self-absorption, and as he wandered now through the beautiful grounds of Felicite, his mind gave itself up to this one subject.

"She will surely be able to set my doubts at rest," he said to himself. "To explain the meaning of this haunting vision that from time to time perplexes me. I dare not speak of it to anyone, yet the Prince of Denmark himself was never more fatally pursued by tormenting phantom, than I have been by this dream."

The evening of the same day, Althea Tellant arrived at Felicite. The charm of her presence brought a quite novel feeling of exhilaration and excitement to the quiet household.

She was so full of life and energy that her very enthusiasms ceased to be irrational when conveyed in the glowing words that sprang so naturally to her tongue.

She possessed to the full that gift of eloquence which, when allied to personal magnetism, makes an orator irresistible. No successful speaker or great actor is ever without this gift.

The success of Althea Tellant's lectures had been less due to their subjects than to the charm of the lecturer, and before dinner was over that night at Felicite, every individual of the party was quite willing to lay aside previous prejudices, and agree that, after all, there might be a great deal more in spiritualism than they had ever supposed.

"It is not mere conjecture," she said, "I speak only of what I know and have proved. There are many false teachers, but still one recognises a truth by results. I'm not saying I have not witnessed a great deal of trickery . . . but, on the other hand I have applied tests that rendered trickery impossible."

"And you think the dead can appear again?" asked Stephen eagerly.

"Not only that they can—but do," she said decidedly. "But, mind you, only under certain conditions and certain limitations."

"But what is the good of it?" exclaimed Mrs. Dumaresque, turning somewhat pale, "If it is a phenomenon, it only alarms the weak minded, and does not convince the strong."

"The good of it is to prove that we have an after existence. Religious faith on that point is but a weak echo of past centuries. A new and convincing theory is more satisfactory to minds that have been investigating spiritual science apart from preconceived ideas. Such minds have no fear, and can safely follow out a line of investigation for themselves."

"That is what spiritualists do?" inquired Stephen.

"Yes," she said gravely. "The subject is surrounded with difficulty, and positive proof cannot be generally given . . . as yet. But the day will come for that."

She rose from the table then, and Stephen followed her example with such alacrity that soon they were strolling away together, in the faint moonlight, under the heavy shadows of the trees.

When they were out of sight of the house, he stopped abruptly. She looked up and met his eyes. "You brought me here," she said inquiringly—"to speak of what your letter contained?"

"Yes," he said. "But the dream has been repeated, and left a deeper impression than before. Aunt Althea—" and he laid his hand upon her arm—"in spite of all I have been told—in spite of what you have said to me—I do not believe that my father is dead."

She drew the shrouding laces more closely round her face. She was very pale, and for a moment she made no answer.

"Is it only because of this—dream—that you think so?" she asked at last.

"It is not a dream—it is something too distinct and strange for that," he an-

swered. "Each time I have sprung up, wide awake, and seen the same figure and heard the same voice. His figure, Aunt Althea, and his voice—saying only those words I have told you: 'My son, I live. We shall meet again.'"

"But, Stephen," she said impressively, "you know this cannot be true. He is dead—he died years ago. My dear boy, this is only a morbid fancy of your own, born of brooding on one idea.

"As for the dream or vision repeating itself, that is not singular at all. A fixed impression often produces such a result. Come," she added persuasively, "try and shake off this morbid fancy, or you will become a second Hamlet. You have said nothing of it to your mother, I hope?"

"Of course not," he answered gloomily. "It would only disturb her. She could not have loved him, or she would not so soon have forgotten his memory!"

The pale face by his side flushed slightly. A momentary indignation thrilled her voice as she said:

"Stephen, your father was as dear to her as to yourself, once. But he forfeited all esteem and respect by his own conduct. You were too young to understand what sins he committed—what shame he brought on those who loved him. You have always chosen to idolize his memory, and we allowed you to do so, but when you blame your mother for a course of conduct that I frankly and gladly advised, I feel I must speak the truth to you—at last."

He raised his hand with a nervous gesture.

"Do not tell me more," he said. "The faith of years is hard to shake. He lives in my memory as something very different to what your words convey. He was the idol of my childish heart, and I—at least—would believe in him still."

She sighed deeply, and again placing her hand within his arm, paced slowly to and fro, under the arching trees.

"Do you really believe in this dream of yours, Stephen?" she asked at last. "Or is it that you wish to believe?"

"I am as sure of its reality as I am of my own," he said solemnly. "Nothing will convince me that he is dead unless" . . . he paused—a slight shiver ran through his frame, and his arm trembled beneath her light touch. "Unless"—he went on with an effort—"I had proof of his existence in another world. Among all those beings you have seen, and spoken to, Aunt Althea, why has he never appeared? Have you never sought any communication with him?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "Often, Stephen, but without success. Yet that does not surprise me, knowing, as I do, the difficulties that have to be encountered on both sides before it is possible to obtain satisfactory results.

"If this world is large enough to lose oneself in, to sink one's individuality as a rain-drop in the ocean, think how vast and extensive is that other from whence our spiritual visitors return."

"If I could see or hear that he had given some proof of his inhabiting that world, I might believe he was no longer in this," said Stephen gloomily. "Surely it is strange that among so many you have recognized and spoken to, one so nearly related has made no sign."

"It is not strange to me," said Althea Tellant quietly. "But it would take a long time to explain the why and wherefore of this subject. I have spent many years in investigations and am still far from convinced.

"I only know I cannot shut my eyes to the existence of facts which have come before them. I know there are sceptics whom nothing could convince even though 'one rose from the dead' to give testimony; but I am not prejudiced, neither, I fancy, are you."

"No," he said, "I am quite impartial. In Nature every fact, however small, is significant and deserves investigation. Besides," he added thoughtfully, "I like to dwell upon the idea that the borderland between life and death is not so far removed."

Suddenly he paused and looked down earnestly at the serene and beautiful face by his side.

"Aunt Althea," he said earnestly, "will you promise me that if ever you learn anything that would set my doubts at rest . . . if—if he should make any sign, such as you say the dead have made again and again, that you will tell me at once?"

"I promise that, willingly," she answered.

Their hands clasped, then fell apart. Silently they turned and went back over the dew-wet sward, carrying each the burden of their troubled thoughts.

* * * * * *

Althea Tellant took her month's holiday and enjoyed it. So did all with whom she lived in the pleasure of those lazy languid summer hours spent in hammock or verandah, with nothing harsher or more obtrusive to employ them than the perusal of books, the handling of dainty needlework, or the desultory talk that the pleasantness of intimacy made pleasanter still.

She did them all good, so they said, and hints at departure were received with every form of opposition.

Stephen alone was quiescent in the matter, for the very good and sufficient reason that he was to accompany his aunt to Washington when she left Felicite, and stay there during the winter for the purpose of study.

She had suggested this, pointing out also the advantages he would derive from seeing something of society and life in the brilliant capital, and after brief debate Stephen had consented.

The household at Felicite therefore sustained both loss and gain when the day of Althea Tellant's departure had at last arrived, but both Max Dumaresque and his wife acknowledged to each other that they breathed more freely and felt life less melancholy and depressing when Stephen no longer made one of the family circle.

When that youth arrived in Washington, his aunt found rooms for him within easy distance of her own domicile. She wished him to be independent of her ways of living and personal surroundings, while at the same time leaving him free to come and go as he pleased.

It was a very different life from that which he had lived of late, and the results could not but be beneficial. Instead of brooding over strange ideas, solving problems, and studying occult arts, he was able to discuss each and all of these subjects with wiser and older minds.

He dismissed much useless lumber that had hampered his progress hitherto, and took up instead intelligent, if somewhat combative ideas, that for him had all the charm of novelty and the speculative enticements of the unknown.

Contradictory as this statement seems, it was nevertheless true, for what others asserted or verified by personal experience was often only a complete mystery to Stephen Tellant.

Satisfied that he was interested and occupied, and gradually becoming less engrossed, Althea resumed her old life, and once more devoted her attention to her strange friend, whose magnetic and mystical powers seemed only enhanced by rest and change of scene.

* * * * * *

One evening when they were discussing some of their favorite problems, Althea was disturbed by the announcement of a visitor.

He refused his name to the servant, but declared his business was imperative and of the greatest importance. Althea was about to reply that he must call at a more convenient hour, when her friend interposed.

She was agitated, and her nervousness impressed Althea strangely.

"Go," she said. "This visit is of the highest importance. It is attended closely by death . . I feel it like a visible presence. It bodes both good and ill to those you love."

Althea believed so firmly in Mrs. Essary's powers, that she hesitated no longer. She rose, and went straight to the parlor, where the visitor was awaiting her.

The first glance at the bronzed and bearded face brought only a dim and uncomfortable memory of some resemblance to another face, but when the man turned and spoke her name, the shock was so great that all her self-command deserted her, and she almost screamed aloud.

The stranger seized her hands and half supported her, while that mastering terror confused her startled senses.

"Have I frightened you so?" he said. "Didn't you get my letter? I wrote from Colorado before I left? I saw your name as giving lectures here in Washington, and I thought I'd like to see you all, and hear something of my——"

She made a hurried gesture as if to stay the word. Her white face had a look of horror.

"After all these years," she cried, "after your cruelty and desertion, after letting us believe you were dead . . . . you come here—to her! . . . . Oh, Richard—haven't you caused us all misery enough?"

He shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"I suppose I was a bad lot," he said. "But I've changed all that now Althea. And I'm rich too. I've had an uncommon stroke of luck, and got more dollars than I know what to do with. Then I thought of the boy. Why, he must be grown up now—such a cunning little chap he was, and so fond of me. He's the only critter that was ever that, I often think."

The coarse tone and words, the utter change a rough and adventurous life had made in him, struck on Althea Tellant's fastidious mind as an added shock.

The memory of all the grief he had brought upon those connected with him was of less account now than the misery he had it in his power to bring again.

"Why did you not tell us you were alive?" she asked coldly.

"I had too good reason to keep it dark," he answered, "and once having put the sea between me and those who were so unpleasantly anxious to keep me in my native land, I was only too glad to avail myself of the accident that announced my death. But I and faithful old Potter, escaped from that fire in the Gambia. Heaven knows where we drifted and what we went through—but that's all past and over.

"I made up my mind I'd never return to England again, and I never expected to hear word of any of you," he added hoarsely. "Then I saw your name and the impulse came over me to seek you out, and ask for news of Anne and little Steve."

Althea Tellant sank into a chair. Her thoughts were all confused. The knowledge of what she had to tell—of what he must know, sooner or later, appalled her with its threatening of ruin and destruction to present peace and well-deserved happiness.

"You don't give me a very warm welcome, I must say," remarked her unwelcome visitor, as he watched her agitated face.

"Can you expect it?" she asked. "Your silence for all these years has been productive of a terrible disaster. Anne, believing you dead, married, married again. She is a happy wife and mother. All those miserable years have been atoned for, and in the midst of her happiness you come again as its destroyer!"

The gloom on his face deepened. "Married . . . " he said. "God! I never thought of that—of course, she could not know . . . she had a perfect right to believe herself free, and yet . . . " and he laughed brutally, and an evil look came into his face, "I've got the best right to her, and I want to see my boy again. I've got the best right to her, and I want to see my boy again—my little Steve. I've always wanted to get back to him. I've saved and worked for his sake, that he might buy the old place back, lost through my folly—and here's this pile of dollars ready for him at any moment. Althea"—and a look of determination came into his face—"I must see him. "I don't care a hang for Anne, or her new husband, but Steve's my son, and I mean to have him. You know where he is? Tell me—and I'll not trouble you with my unwelcome presence again.

She looked up. The lamplight fell on her soft white hair, and the set lines of her colorless lips.

"I will not tell you," she said. "Your presence would only bring shame and sorrow upon his life . . and that of his unfortunate mother. Remember I know all. The story of your past—the hardships she has undergone—the battle you left her to fight unaided and alone."

"She has managed to do very well for herself in spite of it," he answered. "But there, I don't care a rat about her, I want to see my boy. I've always felt we'd meet . . . some day."

"Can you not be satisfied with hearing that he is well and happy . . . that he lives under his mother's roof with one who has been indeed a father to him, and is worthy of his deepest love and respect?"

"Which his own father never was—God knows," he said with a harsh laugh. "And so he's—happy—and the wife too. And I'm not wanted. Poor old devil-may-care Dick would have done all of you a better turn by dying, as you believed, than turning up again."

Again he laughed—but there was no mirth in the sound—no mirth in the bleared and bloodshot eyes that looked from the figure in the chair to the door beyond. A mist was before him.

The light seemed wavering and unsteady. He would like to have laughed aloud in mockery of hopes for ever to be unfulfilled, in memory of some lingering tenderness that in wild scenes, and wilder orgies—and much that was evil in his desperate life—had yet kept his heart from utter vileness, and his hand from crime.

But at present his only feeling was that he had made a mistake. That he was not wanted.

That his presence would only bring shame and misfortune on those for whom that lingering spark of tenderness had been cherished. So easily it might have been fanned into a purer, brighter flame . . . so easily it was crushed out into the darkness of eternal night.

"Where are you going, Dick?" asked his sister, as suddenly he seized his hat and strode towards the door.

"To the demon for whom I seem best suited," he answered. "I'm not wanted by anyone else . . . that's plain!"

The door closed on bitter laughter whose mockery echoed on her ear, and drowned her faint appeal.

Whatever of hope, or kindliness, or expectation had lived in Richard Tellant's heart died out in that wild laugh, and left behind it only the desperate resolve of a desperate man.

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It wanted half an hour of midnight, and Althea Tellant had finished the recital of her visitor's errand and looked anxiously at Mrs. Essary's face for sympathy. Its gravity added to her self-accusation.

She could not help feeling that in her anxiety to avert a calamity, she had lost sight of her brother's own feelings and underrated the importance of his confession.

"I wish I had been kinder," she lamented. "But he went away so suddenly. He did not even insist upon knowing where Stephen was, as he might have done. And I don't know where he has gone. I never asked for his address."

Suddenly a thought flashed across her. She looked eagerly at her friend.

"Could you follow him?" she said. "Would it be possible?"

Mrs. Essary nestled back in her chair and held out her hand. Althea placed her own upon it, and the two women sat there silently for a moment. Then Mrs. Essary closed her eyes and placed the hand she clasped upon her forehead.

"I can see streets . . . " she said abruptly, "and hurrying figures. Stay, there is one figure, an elderly man . . . dark . . . with gray beard and shaggy hair . . . I can't see his face. Yes . . . . You are showing it to me. It is like your own . . . but older, and . . . wicked . . . and desperate looking." She shuddered convulsively. "Death is very near him," she said suddenly. "It is in his thoughts now . . . and follows close . . . like a shadow. How quickly he walks. . . . Oh, now he is stopping. It is at a large building . . . many people are about. . . Ah! I have lost him. I cannot see any longer."

Her face looked distressed. Althea Tellant sat quite silent, only throwing the whole force of will into the voiceless entreaty of her mind.

"Read the name . . . " murmured Mrs. Essary. "It is an Hotel. Ah, I can see now! Grant's Hotel. What is this? Someone is speaking. 'Don't tell Stephen . . . Don't tell Stephen. . . . We shall meet some day.' Now it is all dark again. . . . I can see no more."

She sighed heavily, and opened her eyes. The tears were falling down Althea Tellant's white cheeks. Terror had overpowered her severely taxed strength.

"Oh what ought I to do. What must I do?" she cried with sudden helplessness. "I had no right to stand between father and son . . . and I promised Stephen—"

She broke off abruptly.

"I will go to him," she exclaimed with a glance at the timepiece. "He shall know that his father is alive."

"You are right," said Mrs. Essary. "It is late . . . but the house is near . . . and tell him," she added solemnly, "not to delay. Life and death walked hand in hand where I followed. Shall I go with you?" she asked.

"No. There is no need," answered Althea hurriedly. "It is so short a distance, . . . and if he is in, I have only to deliver a message. I shall be back here in a quarter of an hour."

She seized a lace shawl, and threw it over her head and shoulders. Her white hair and her white face looked ghostly against its shrouding blackness.

The clocks of the city were striking midnight as she stepped out into the street. The sound fell on her ear with startling distinctness. So much had happened in so brief a space of time.

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Not till she stood in Stephen's presence and saw the alarm and anxiety of his face, did Althea Tellant fully realize what she

had undertaken. It was hard to put in plain and comprehensible words, the events and emotions that had led to this untimely visit.

Stephen's excitement was so intense that it increased her agitation.

"Why did you not bring him here? . . . Did he not wish to see me?"

"You forget," she answered, "that I had your mother to consider. Think of what this news will be for her."

He turned very white.

"My God!" he cried, below his breath. "This is awful. . . . What will she do?"

"If . . . if you could persuade your father to keep his secret," faltered Althea. "Oh, I know it sounds base to suggest it . . . but we believed him dead for so long . . . and he . . . he was not a good man, Stephen. He will tell you so himself."

The young man sat there silent, his head bowed on his arms. He was doing battle with the strongest feelings in his nature. When at last he lifted his face and looked at her, it was colorless as death.

"I must see him," he said, "though it will be to renounce him for ever. You are right, Althea. We must keep the secret from my mother, and beg him to keep it too. It would kill her, I think, to know that all these years——" He stopped abruptly. "It does not bear speaking of. Tell me the address, Althea. I will go as soon as it is daylight.'

"I . . . I think it is Grant's Hotel," she said hesitatingly.

"Are you not sure? I should not like to miss him."

"I am almost sure that was what . . . what he said," she stammered. How could she explain that she had come to know the address by clairvoyant means? He noticed her confusion, but she was thankful he made no remark upon it.

That he realized to the uttermost what this unexpected resurrection meant, she could not fail to see. The cloud settled more darkly on his brow.

The difficulties of the position became invested with a tragic meaning that threatened to rob him of sleep or rest, until such time as that once desired, but now dreaded, meeting should take place.

She left him, and went homewards, heavy-hearted and ill at ease.

Stephen threw himself into a chair by the window, resolved to await the dawn of the next day in sleepless vigil. But physical weakness often tests resolution too severely, and towards daybreak he fell asleep from sheer weariness.

Excited and unnerved as he had been, it was scarcely to be wondered at if the overstrained brain presented fantastic and distorted images whose recurrence robbed sleep of its soothing powers.

At last he sprang to his feet—a loud cry ringing through the silence of the room and of the house—cold dews of terror on his brow, and his heart beating wildly and stormily.

A third time had that dream visited him—a third time that figure stood before his waking eyes, but now its whole appearance was altered.

A haggard, white faced man, voiceless as the dead, gazed at him with melancholy tenderness, and as he waited, spell-bound, for those familiar words, he saw it raise one ghostly hand and point to where the red blood dripped from its gashed and bleeding throat.

Then—it was gone.

The grey dawn filled each nook and space; weird shadows drifted into darkened corners.

The sunless chill of the winter morning laid its cold breath on him, and sent him, shivering and affrightened, to his chamber beyond. Exhausted and spent, he threw himself on the bed, longing only for the welcome daylight.

* * * * * *

At the door of Grant's Hotel, in —Street, an old white-haired man was standing. His dim eyes gazed up and down the already stirring thoroughfare, with the sad bewildered gaze of one who is strange, and lonely, and infirm.

A figure approaching with hurried steps paused abruptly and startled him still more by a question that rang sharply on his perturbed thoughts. He raised his eyes to his interrogator then, with a hoarse cry, staggered back into the doorway uttering a denial which his own terror prompted, but whose uselessness he felt, even as he met those stern eyes and gazed at the haggard face.

It was so strangely, startlingly like another face, that for a moment the hard and cruel years rolled back, and memory showed him only the young master, so dearly loved, so faithfully served.

"Not here? Are you sure?" persisted Stephen Tellant. "When did he leave? It is so early that——"

He broke off abruptly.

"You are lying," he said. "Take me to his room. I am his son."

The old man bowed his head and staggered feebly up the broad staircase.

Already groups of pale faced, frightened servants were gathered in corridors and doorways, speaking with bated breath and shuddering gasps of something dread and terrible that had happened, stamping the night with horror, and giving to the waking day the excitement of a tragedy whose details were but vaguely surmised.

Stephen followed his conductor to a door at the end of the corridor, but in sight of the whispering groups who watched with renewed curiosity for any fresh development of the mystery looked within.

The old man stood aside, and the young one passed in.

The dead weight of fear pressed more heavily upon his heart, and there was neither sound nor presence in this darkly-silent chamber to give him greeting or relieve that overwhelming pressure.

Involuntarily his eyes sought the bed.

What lay there, dimly outlined, spoke out the truth of his vague and haunting fear.

With a faint cry he sank beside, and buried his face in his cold hands.

Stephen Tellant and his father had met—at last.

REARED UNDER GLASS.

When a gardener wishes to rear delicate plants, he takes care not to expose them to the open air. He cultivates them under glass.

Of late years a somewhat similar system has come to be applied to the rearing of very delicate infants.

A well known scientist and philanthropist residing in Paris—M. Lion—has founded an institution for this purpose, and is the inventor of a curious apparatus, by which the lives of ever so many frail and puny children, that must otherwise have perished, have been saved.

An Englishman recently visited M. Lion's institution, which is situated on the Boulevard Poissonière, and was favored by the founder with a special interview.

"The system," remarked M. Lion, "has been in operation five years, and was first introduced by me at Nice. During this period I have succeeded in saving 72 per cent. of the lives intrusted to me.

"You must know that many children are born in a half-developed condition, and weigh no more than three pounds or four pounds, whereas they should weigh, in normal circumstances, from six pounds to seven pounds at the very least. With more ordinary care, such puny mites cannot possibly live.

"In France, of every 850 000 children that are born into the world each year, about 160 000 do not survive their birth more than a few hours or a few days. There is, therefore, considerable scope for the use of my invention. More than 100,000 children a year might be saved by it in this country alone."

"What is the nature of your invention?"

"It is a large case made of glass and metal in which the child lives shut up until it attains to a normal weight and size. You see the cases ranged all round the walls of the apartment, and through the glass doors you can see the children asleep on their little white pillows.

"The air with which each receptacle is supplied is filtered five times through cotton wool, so that it is absolutely pure.

"It is also raised to a certain temperature before entering the receptacle, and automatically maintained at that degree of heat.

"Each case is further provided with a ventilation shaft, so that the air is constantly being renewed.

"The diagram card placed above each receptacle is very important. It describes the progress which each child makes. The temperature of the body and that of the apparatus, and the weight of the child are set down every day.

"Dr. Marque attends each morning, and these particulars are registered in his presence.

"How are the children fed?"

"You can see for yourself. You observe that the child has just wakened up and is crying, though you cannot hear it, shut up as it is in a glass cupboard. One of the nurses is coming to take it out.

"She will cover it up and remove it into that room with glass walls. The room is heated to a certain temperature, and there the child will be fed and comforted. When the nurse has got it off to sleep again it will be put back into its case.

"This is a specially constructed spoon for feeding by the nose infants which have not yet acquired the power to swallow."

"How many children have you here under treatment, and what are they required to pay?"

"We always have ten children, but being the children of very poor parents we exact no payment. We also give a change of linen to each child that leaves the institution.

"This is a philanthropic movement, but in order to cover the expenses we admit the public to see the treatment and charge a franc admission. At my institution at Nice thirty poor children are reared at the cost of the municipality."

"How about the parents who can afford to pay?"

"They have the apparatus sent to their own homes, and pay 60 francs a month for the hire. The necessity of separating a child from its mother is thus avoided."

"But this privilege is denied to the poor?"

"No, it is not. There are twenty apparatuses set apart for the use of the poor in their own homes."

"Are there any other establishments besides this and the institution at Nice?"

"There are institutions at Lyons, Marseilles and Bordeaux. Through the influence of Prof. Virchow, the eminent physiologist, a temporary establishment has been opened at the Berlin Exhibition.

"Next year I intend to open an institution in London. Here is a photograph, taken two and a half years ago, of a group of children who were reared by me at Nice. You can see that they are as fine and well developed as any ordinary children."

"Indeed, they are. Most of them would do credit to a baby show!"

COULDN'T EAT IT.—A certain literary German whose manner of speaking was extremely deliberate, and who disapproved of impetuosity of any sort in any circumstances, had an amusing experience in a restaurant one day.

He was a well known figure among the patrons of this particular establishment, as he seldom dined anywhere else, and he was generally served by a waiter who had become used to his way of speaking; but one day a new waiter took his order and brought his soup.

"I cannot eat this soup," said the gentleman slowly, not looking up from his plate.

The man seized the soup-plate before the customer could finish the sentence, and vanished with it.

He reappeared in a moment with another supply of the same soup, which he placed before the gentleman, and then stood regarding him with an anxious face, wondering what could be the reason for the soup remaining untasted.

"I cannot eat this soup," again slowly remarked the literary man.

"Why not, sir?" What is the matter?" stammered the unhappy waiter, who had been told he was serving an important person.

"I cannot eat this soup," said the literary genius calmly, for the third time, "because I have not as yet been provided with a spoon!"

TRUE SERVICE.—The essence of a life of service is its conscious aim. Most of us are full of purposes which we pursue with various degrees of energy.

We intend to earn a living, to provide for our families, to attain some excellence, to procure some pleasure, to gain an education or a fortune, a name or a position.

But it is only the few who hold all their intentions subject to one controlling and definite purpose—viz., to live a life of service.

Indeed the word itself is distasteful to some, who associate it with servility and thraldom and continuous self sacrifice. Yet the fact is that no compulsion can ever extract the true service of the heart and life. It is nothing if not free, spontaneous, and untrammelled.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or the other.

At Home and Abroad.

The British army returns for the last year show that the total armed strength of the United Kingdom, including reserves and auxiliaries, was 543 506 officers and men. The average strength of this regular army during the year was 220 309, the highest for twenty years, and the number of punishments inflicted was below the average.

When General Buckner arrived at Louisville from Indianapolis lately, it was noticed that he did not have his corncob pipe. The General and his pipe are supposed to be inseparable. It is his constant companion. He carries it in a cane, surmounted by a silver handle, which makes a receptacle for the pipe. The stem, nearly a foot long, runs down into the cane. "What has become of the corncob pipe?" asked a friend. "Oh, the Massachusetts boys took it away from me at Indianapolis," replied the Sage of Glen Lily; "they would not let me keep it, saying they wanted to hang it in their headquarters as a souvenir, and I let them have it."

A young man of Detroit who had read of wonderful feats performed by penmen who could write thousands of words on postal cards determined to establish a record for himself in this line. He secured a postal card, says the Detroit Free Press, and without giving the paper any treatment, taking it as it came from the post-office began his task. Choosing the novel "Portia," by "The Duchess," for his copy, he began putting it on the card in characters so small that they cannot be outlined by the naked eye. He uses a steel pen and a purplish ink. The card is not half filled, yet it contains 89 2 words.

There are some very interesting legends told with regard to the contents of the vaults of the church at Axium, the capital of King Menelik of Abyssinia. It is declared that in these vaults the Ark of the Covenant is preserved, as well as the tables of stone containing the Ten Commandments delivered to Moses upon Mount Sinai. In addition, there are said to be vast piles of papyri, which have as yet been untranslated. The explanation of the presence of these treasures in the capital of the Christian Abyssinians is that they were brought from Jerusalem by the founder of the present dynasty, the first Menelik, who was the son of the Queen of Sheba. Although Menelik was born after his mother's return to her kingdom, he was brought up at Jerusalem, whence he fled into Abyssinia after the sacking of that city by Shishak, King of Egypt, carrying with him certain treasures from the Temple which were threatened with destruction and defilement.

One of the most curious industries in the world is the production of alligators in Florida. The attention of the United States Fish Commission has recently been drawn to it. The value of the alligator's skin in Florida is so great that they are already becoming scarce, and their ultimate extinction cannot long be delayed, unless means are taken to artificially produce them. Between 1880 and 1894, no less than 2 000 000 alligators were killed in Florida. There is also in Florida a species of true crocodile, which is hardly to be distinguished from the alligator, except by the shape of its head and certain anatomical peculiarities. It grows larger, and sometimes attains a length of eighteen feet. In alligator farming, the eggs are hatched in incubators. They are about the size of goose eggs. They are placed in boxes of sand, and covered up. They are then exposed to the rays of the sun, and in a few days are hatched. Alligators grow very slowly—at fifteen years of age, they are only two feet long. A twelve feet alligator is supposed to be seventy five years old. They are supposed to grow as long as they live.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Our Young Folks.

TOPSY IN A FIX.

BY S. L. B.

TOPSY thought her journey to the doll's house was a great success. She listened with breathless interest to the story of Toby's danger and fear, and made up her mind never to run such terrible risks. House was the place for her.

She and Toby grew very fast, and became more playful every day. Soon they were big enough to run upstairs, and then they would crouch down and try and catch the children's legs between the rails. This was great fun.

And if sometimes the sharp little claws went in too far and caught hold of something that was not a stocking, the kittens did not care.

They thought the outcry which followed was part of the game.

One day Topsy went farther upstairs than she had ever been before.

It was warm weather, all the doors and windows were open, and everyone was running about and seemed very busy.

Mother was getting together all the winter clothing and packing it away until cold weather came again.

"This is fine; I will have some fun now," said Topsy as she pranced in at the open door. There was a large box standing open in the middle of the room.

That was not interesting, although it was half filled with things that would make a soft bed by-and-by. A fluttering end of colored ribbon caught her eye.

In a moment she had seized it, and rolling over with it upon the floor, bit and scratched it till she was tired. Then a piece of white lace waved temptingly before her.

In about two minutes it was torn to shreds. Then a handful of bright buttons rolled out of somebody's pocket upon the floor, and was not Topsy happy?

She went scampering after the pretty playthings in high glee, and rolled them into the cracks and behind the chairs until they were all lost.

Next she jumped upon the bed, for everyone was too busy to notice her. Now and then nurse said, "You tiresome cat," and made a dart at her.

But Topsy dashed under the bed for safety, and as she did not know what "tiresome" meant, she was just as well pleased as if she had been called a "darling."

On the bed was a queer fluffy, furry thing. Topsy was half afraid of it.

She walked all round it sideways like a crab, thinking it was going to jump; but it kept quite still. So presently one soft little black paw came out and touched it ever so gently.

When she had done that, Topsy backed as far away as she could, and crouched down to see what would happen.

But nothing happened, so she tried again, patting it quite hard this time. Then Topsy grew very brave and had a grand game of romps with the furry thing. Quite a lot of the fur came off; and Topsy thought that was very funny, for her mother's fur did not come off like that when they played together.

By this time Topsy was quite tired, and looked about for a nice place in which to sleep.

All at once she spied a round hole in the thing she had been playing with. She crept carefully in, and before she had gone many steps her head came out at the other end.

She looked very funny herself now, with her head out at one end of the muff and her tail at the other.

Soon she curled herself up like a ball and went fast asleep.

By and by nurse came in, in a great hurry. She snatched up all the things that were on the bed, tossed them into the box, slammed down the lid, and pushed the box back into a corner.

"What is the matter?" cried Topsy, who woke up when the lid went down. "How dark it is, and how still! I don't half like it."

She crept out of the muff and made her way to the top of the box.

A tiny gleam of daylight came through a crack. She peeped through and saw that the room was empty.

"Oh dear!" she sighed; "I wish somebody would come and let me out—I am so hungry!" for it was just about dinner time.

But nobody came; so after awhile she went to sleep again. When she awoke up this time it was quite dark.

She wanted to stretch, but there was not room enough for that; and she had never been so dreadfully hungry in all her life. She was very miserable, and wished she had stayed downstairs with her mother. She kept on crying as loudly as she could for a long time, but no one heard her, and at last she went to sleep again.

Topsy passed a wretched night, and when morning came she felt quite weak from hunger.

The long hours passed slowly by; people went and came outside, but no one came to set poor Topsy free, and she began to think she would have to die.

But just as it was getting dusk she heard her mother's voice. Such a strange mew she gave.

"I've lost my Topsy; does anyone know where she is?"

But the stupid people did not understand, so Mother Tabby had to go on looking by herself.

Topsy cried with all her might, and her mother came nearer.

"I'm here, mother—shut up in a horrid old box," she said.

You would not have known she was saying that, but Mother Tabby did.

She pushed the door open with her nose, and came running across the room, purring all the time.

"My dear child, how did you get there?" she said.

"I don't know, mother; oh! do let me out—I'm so hungry."

They tried to kiss each other through the crack, but it was not big enough for that.

Mother Tabby stood on her hind legs and smelt all round the lid, trying to find another hole. She jumped on the top, she crept underneath, but all was of no use.

"I must try and get someone to come," she said, and ran to the door.

But though she had got in, she could not get out that way, so she stood there crying until a little girl, called Gladys, said—

"What can be the matter with puss? I must go and see."

She ran upstairs and found her.

"Poor puss! were you shut in?" she said; "come along."

But instead of coming along, Tabby ran back into the room, looking at Gladys with such wistful eyes, that the little girl followed her. Then Mother Tabby said, "Speak, Topsy—let her know where you are."

Topsy gave a very faint little mew and Gladys quickly opened the box.

"Oh! poor Topsy!" she cried.

Mother Tabby did not waste time talking. She jumped on the box, seized Topsy by the back of the neck, big as she was, and carried her downstairs.

They did not sleep in the big basket now, but on a nice soft cushion in a corner. Mother Tabby laid Topsy down and began to lick her, while Gladys quickly got some bread and milk. Topsy lapped a little milk, very slowly at first; then she began on the bread, and quickly finished it all up.

After a little more licking and purring, mother and child curled themselves up together and went to sleep. Topsy was still hungry when she woke up in the morning, but after she had her breakfast she was as sunny as ever, and quite ready for a romp.

But as long as she lived, Topsy could never be coaxed to get into a box.

IN DREAMLAND.

BY J. C.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Jessie, you'll be asleep in five minutes," said nurse as she tucked the little girl in her cosy white bed.

"No, nurse," said Jessie, "I'm not going to sleep to night—I am going to keep wide awake and find the way into Dreamland. Now go away and be sure and don't call me back; when I'm going to sleep I'll keep my eyes quite open, then I'll be certain to see the way." Nurse laughed, and telling her she would quickly find her way into Dreamland, left her.

Jessie kept her eyes very wide open, she was sure she did; she watched the firelight dancing on the walls and making such strange shadows which she watched quite a long time, when all at once she saw a long avenue of trees starting right from the foot of her bed.

That was the way into Dreamland then, and without waiting another minute, Jessie jumped up and commenced running down the avenue.

She ran for such a long way, everything was so still and silent, that she was quite pleased when she came to the end and saw a large lake with a little boat on it waiting for her, she was sure it was for, because it had Jessie on it in great letters.

She jumped in, and the boat took her right to the other side, and there she saw the funniest little man standing—his skin was all dried up, and he had such enormous ears, and wore a red cap.

"Well, Jessie," said the little man, "I knew you were coming to see me to-night, and I'm real glad to see you, my dear; it will be a pleasure to show you over Dreamland." And he took off his cap and made such a quaint little bow, it nearly made Jessie laugh to see how funny he looked.

"Come with me, Jessie, and I will show you some of my dream sprites who are just ready to set out earthward—you must be quick. Don't fall over that little man—he's hunting for his dreams; he's always the last, for he believes dreams are the sweetest which are taken from the flowers with the evening dew upon them."

And so, chatting all the way, the little king led her to where a great army of sprites were all waiting. Each one of them carried a bundle wrapped in a spider's web, which her guide hastened to inform her were bundles of dreams.

"Nearly all dreams," said the king, "are made from flowers. This one," pointing to a pure white bundle, "is from the heart of the white rose, and that darker one yonder with the lovely perfume is from the violet; but these are only for good children.

"Ugh! we make some dreadful ones sometimes: just look at that sprite with his bundle there—he'll be glad to get rid of it.

"He has been all the afternoon boiling nettles in cabbage water—that's for a little boy who was naughty to his mother this morning, and this was made from the eyes of a hawk and a pig's tail; he will fall in a ditch and stick there all night. But I like sending dreams best to the poor little children who never see a green field, we use all the daisies and buttercups for them, and all night long they walk through the meadows. Ah! they are happy then."

The king clapped his hands, the first star showed in the sky, and all the sprites vanished.

Then he turned to Jessie and asked her if she was satisfied. But she was not.

"There is something else I would like to know, please sir, do you send dreams only to children?"

"Oh dear no," answered the little man, "we send them to everyone; but big people wait for their dreams until later. When it is quite dark and still, another band of sprites goes forth.

"Sometimes the night is so dark that they lose their way, and dreams get mixed, and often some very funny things have happened, Jessie; but you must come back when you are big to see all these dreams go out—I am going to send you home now."

Jessie thanked him very much for inviting her back again, and asked him if she must return through the long avenue.

"Oh no," said the little man, "that was the avenue of sleep, the true entrance into Dreamland, but I am not going to send you back that way. Lie down on this mossy bank—now shut your eyes."

And Jessie felt someone bending over her, and then a kiss; she opened her eyes—and there she was in her snug little bed, her mother bending over her and the sun streaming in at the window.

"What a long time you've slept this morning," said her mother.

"Why, mother, I've been to Dreamland and seen the funniest little man, and I'm going back again some day."

"Very well," said her mother, laughing, "only you must promise me one thing—always be back when nurse comes to dress you. See, here she is, so jump up.

TRIFLES.—There are many little things in the household, attention to which is indispensable to health and happiness. The kind of air which circulates in a house may seem a small matter, for we cannot see the air, and not many people know anything about it; yet if we do not provide a regular supply of pure air within our houses, we shall inevitably suffer for our neglect.

A few specks of dirt may seem neither here nor there, and a closed door or window appear to make little difference; but it may make the difference of a life destroyed by fever, and therefore the little dirt and the little bad air are very serious matters, and ought to be removed accordingly.

The whole of the household regulations are, taken by themselves, trifles—but trifles tending to an important result.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

German silver was invented in China.

Germany has six million acres of forest.

The florin, one of the most useful of modern coins, originated in Florence.

About 300 deaths from accidental poisoning occur in England every year.

Indianapolis has a refuge for sick, maimed, aged, homeless and lost dogs and cats.

The delivery to the House of Commons Post Office is said to amount to between 7 000 and 10 000 letters daily.

A cubic foot of newly-fallen snow weighs 5½ pounds, and has twelve times the bulk of an equal weight of water.

In Prussia it has been found that the average duration of a Jewish life is five years longer than that of a Christian.

The assessed value of farms in the United States in 1880 was over ten billion and in 1890 over thirteen billion dollars.

Gas engines are now in use up to 300-horse power, and their manufacture of 500-horse power and upwards is contemplated.

A recent admirable adaptation of a useful invention for people driving out on a dark night is that of making harness "luminous."

In Japan wrestling is the most popular sport, and such exhibitions are patronized in great numbers by all classes of society.

In China all wines are drunk hot. The thrifty Chinaman believes that heated wine intoxicates more expeditiously than cold wine.

Inoculation with gradually increased doses of venom to induce immunity from snake-bites has proved very successful in recent experiments in India.

All the doors in John Kipp's house at Cedar Bayou, Harris county, Texas, were opened and a lid of the kitchen range was blown off by a bolt of lightning.

London busses are drawn by American horses, thousands of which are imported annually. English breeders will not raise horses strong enough for the work.

The most powerful guns now made fire a shot from twelve to thirteen miles, and Krupp's great 130 ton steel buried a shot weighing 2000 pounds a few yards over fifteen miles.

Calico printing originated in India. It was imported into Holland by the Dutch East India Company and spread into Germany. It found its way into England in the 17th century.

Pencil tracings cannot be affected by acids. There is no solution or agent known to science which can dissolve pure carbon or its equivalent, plumbago, of which lead pencils are composed.

A swarm of bees, the other day, took possession of a big grocery store in Logansport, Ind., and, after driving out the clerks and customers, ate twenty pounds of honey that was exposed for sale.

An Englishman in India has arranged electric wires about his house as a protection, not against burglars, but against snakes. Should one of the latter attempt to enter, it would receive a fatal shock.

Half a teaspoonful of sugar will nearly always revive a dying fire, and unlike the few drops of coal oil which servants are so fond of using, and which have caused so many sad accidents, it is perfectly safe.

Among the wilder tribes of the Caucasus every child is taught to use the dagger almost as soon as it can walk. The children first learn to stab water without making a splash, and by incessant practice acquire an extraordinary command over the weapon.

In some parts of the Southern States the graves of negroes are decorated with the medicine bottles used by the deceased during their last illnesses. The surviving relatives, when visiting the graves, often discuss the effects of the various remedies.

The dress of a fully equipped diver weighs 169¾ pounds and costs about $500. The thick underclothing weighs 6¼ pounds, the dress itself 14 pounds; the lined boots, with leaden soles, 32 pounds; the breast and back weighs 60 pounds, and the helmet 30 pounds.

The experiment of introducing reindeer in Alaska has been a complete success. The animals are increasing very rapidly, and will soon supply the natives with excellent and abundant food, besides serving other purposes at once practically useful and directly civilizing.

The President of the British Library Association in his recent annual address stated that during the past twelve months £100,000 had been expended on public libraries, and that fifty free libraries had been projected, founded or opened in Great Britain.

A farmer in the South of England, whose cottage is some distance from any of the neighboring villages, has trained his dog (which, by the way, is a spaniel), to trot to the South-western Railway Station, and there pick up the London paper, which the guard of the train throws to him.

WAILING WINDS.

BY W. W. LONG.

The mournful winds are wailing
Like spirits of unrest,
Amid the bare and leafless trees,
And o'er the river's breast.

And my heart is very lonely
For summer's golden days,
When you and I together roamed
Down cool green woodland ways.

AMONG THE SEALS.

Seal fishing in both oceans is essentially the same. In the Atlantic in the latter part of February the great herd of about half a million has come South. The seals produce their young upon the floes, or pans, within a few miles of the shore.

The parent animals swim about in pursuit of fish, and contentedly follow the ice wherever it drifts. The young grow surprisingly rapidly. At the age of 3 weeks they have attained about the size of a bulldog, and replaced the white fur of infancy with the dark coat.

Seal ships from Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and the neighboring coasts sail early in March. By that time the ice is well on in the process of breaking up, or "spawning abroad," and navigation has become possible.

About the middle of March the killing begins. As the ships approach the sealing grounds the final preparations are completed. The long watch is begun, which is not relaxed until the active cruise is over. This watch, lasting from dawn till dark of every day, is kept up by one man alone.

His importance is recognized in his rank, which is next to that of the captain. From the shape of his station of observation at the masthead this individual is known as "the barrel man." He is provided with as fine a telescope as can be procured, and skill in its use is one of his most important essentials.

Another part of the preparation is the division of the ship's crew, 200 or 300 in number, into four watches. Each is put under command of a master of watch, and is organized into boats' crews and other small divisions for the performance of the various duties aboard ship. It is the perfection of these details of organization that brings a ship's work to the frictionless system that is a landman's surprise.

When at length seals are sighted the word is passed down from the masthead as quietly as possible. Old seals may be disturbed by a shout at a distance of miles; further reason for caution exists if the observer is within hearing of other ships. In the latter case the first ship edges around toward the seals by a circuitous route, intended to throw others off the track.

Meantime orders are issued forbidding any one to show his head above the rail. The slightest carelessness will cause the game to disappear into the water. Perhaps the "pan" of seals is sighted by a rival ship. In that case all round about tactics are dropped, and a race ensues. The four watches, armed with gaff-tipped clubs, "stand by" for directions. At the instant the ship gets among ice too closely packed for her to proceed further all hands are overboard.

Away they run, each master of watch picking a path for his command, which hurries after him in single file. It is a rough chase; now a climb over a washed-up ledge of broken ice, again a leap across a black strip of water.

Occasionally some unfortunate wretch falls in, and is fished dripping out on the gaff of a companion. His clothes are frozen stiff in a few seconds, but he doesn't stop. The seals by this time are thoroughly alarmed, and it is important to reach them as quickly as possible.

A seal's vital point is his nose. It is on that organ that the attack is made. One blow of the "bat" usually kills; sometimes, however, an old animal offers a hard and dangerous fight. The men hurry about their work of execution with energy, abated only after the last of the living seals has escaped into the water.

The victims are then skinned and the pelts heaped together in stacks, surrounded by the ensigns of their respective ownerships. These stacks, by the way, are another of the objects designated by the useful term "pan." A "pan" of pelts, like a "pan" of seals, is the supporting flat cakes of ice. We have the same usage in "pan of bacon." It is seldom that a pan marked by a flag is molested; feeling on the subject is prohibitively strong.

After stacking up the pelts as described, all hands hurry back to the ship to continue the search. After hours of rushing about over a slippery footing, handling and skinning the heavy bodies of the game, and perhaps a scuffle with a rival's crew, it is only natural to think of rest. But at this point the hardship only begins.

The seal laws limit the time for killing to a few weeks; in consequence, there is not the slightest relaxation of effort until the time is past. So, though a crew may not have time to get even a cup of tea, if a second "pan" is sighted, it is attacked without delay.

FORCE OF HABIT.—It was a quaint and singularly wise remark by a modern essayist that no one's example is as dangerous to us as our own; for when we have done a certain thing once it is so much easier to do it again. It is the first step which counts in evil as well as in good.

The tendency of human nature to form habits, to run in grooves, is one of its most marked characteristics. Fortunately for us it has its good side as well as its bad side. If we can only too easily form a habit of petulance, of ill-temper, we can also, by trying, form a habit of self-control, and each fresh victory over ourselves is easier than the first.

A habit of application is, it would be safe to say, of as much importance to any great man as is his genius. Not that any amount of application can make a dull man brilliant; but that without application a brilliant man might almost as well be dull, as far as anything he is likely to accomplish is concerned.

"Perseverance is genius," several great men have said, in slightly varying phrase; but this is not true. Perseverance is only the right hand of genius. Something is breathed into a man at his birth—a divine fire, a gift of the gods—which makes great things possible to him, while to his brother in the next cradle they would be impossible for ever. But having received this divine fire he must give it fuel. It is the sign that he must work more, not less, than his fellows; and so there is no one thing so remarkable in the history of almost all our great men as their habits of prodigious application.

Grains of Gold.

As I approve of a youth, that has something of the Old Man in him, so I am no less pleased with an Old Man that has something of the youth.

A covetous man is continually robbing himself.

There is no virtue in doing right simply because we have to.

Every dollar some men get, increases their chance of missing heaven.

When some people have nothing to say, they seem to talk the most.

No man prays in earnest who does not expect to get just what he asks.

Agitation is the marshaling of the conscience of a nation to mould its laws.

There is no place on earth so low that from it we may not go to a high place in heaven.

There are people who would like to do good, if it could be done without effort or sacrifice.

It is not the insurrections of ignorance that are dangerous, but the revolts of intelligence.

Femininities.

Nell: Jack is awfullly cold-blooded. Belle: Why don't you advise him to eat flannel cakes?

Swimming is to be the new amusement of the London Board School children in their learned leisure.

"Still a bachelor, Winters?" "Yes." "Necessity or choice?" "Both. My necessity, her choice!"

"Try our 'next morning' remedy. Your headache cured while you wait." This significant placard appears in the window of a Boston druggist.

There is at present, a fancy for mother o' pearl decoration for gowns of heavy material, and the soft and pretty product is, consequently, in brisk demand.

"Can you darn stockings, Maria?" he asked, becoming confidential. "I don't expect to marry a man who'd need to wear darned stockings," she replied with dignity.

"I doan' like er man," said Uncle Eben, "dat seems ter git his chief religious comfort by regyahdin' Heaven ez er place dat 'a enemies is gwinter wanter git inter an' can't."

Family doctor: Your wife needs outdoor exercise more than anything else. Husband: But she won't go out. What am I to do? Doctor: Give her plenty of money to shop with.

He, playfully: How old are you, Miss Brown? She: I can not tell a lie. I——. He: Oh, if this is the case, I will not take a mean advantage of you. I withdraw the question.

In Switzerland, it is said, they will pay higher wages to a milkmaid who can sing to the cows than to one who cannot. This is done on the principle that bad treatment of a cow injuriously affects its milk.

There is quite a rage for silk petticoats, black, colored, and particularly in plaid. The tartans are many, and belong to all clans—several to none, being the brilliant imagination of the manufacturer.

The inability to remove from silver spoons the stain caused by eggs has often been a source of domestic despair. Both the despair and the stain can be removed, the latter by applying salt with a soft cloth.

In Japan small children of the poor, who have the gift of straying and no nurse to look after them, are safeguarded by the simple precaution of hanging labels round their necks which tell their names and addresses.

Woman's rights are at last recognized. The decree prohibiting French post office mistresses from marrying has been rescinded. To strike the iron while it is hot, 319 of these ladies have just had their banns of marriage published.

It is heralded as the latest advance of the New Woman that a certain member of that genus has been appointed a receiver. Pshaw! That's nothing new. Every woman considers herself a self-appointed receiver for her husband on pay days.

She was coolly entrenched upon his shoulder, and they were very, very happy. "George," she whispered, and he bent his head to listen, "do you know what I would do if your love for me should cool?" "Would you die, dear?" he asked, passionately. "No, George; I would bring an action for breach of promise."

A young unbeneficed clergymen in an English suburban parish recently received an unsolicited offer from a young lady in his flock of her "her heart, money and hand." The unsentimental clergymen sent the frigid reply that the spinster should give her heart to the Lord, her money to the poor and her hand to the man who asked for it.

The resolution which has taken place in the training of girls within the past twenty years, says a San Francisco paper, is almost beyond conception. The time will soon come when a reference to "the weaker sex" will provoke a look of inquiry, a merry challenge of the speaker. If our girls keep on as they have begun, there is no telling what degree of physical progress will be reached by the women of another generation.

A parson's wife was starting out for a walk, and invited her little daughter to go with her.

"No, mamma, I can't," was the very positive reply.

"Why not?"

"I have to help papa."

"Help papa! In what way?"

"Why, he told me to sit here in this corner and keep quiet while he wrote his sermon, and I don't believe he is half done yet."

It may not be known that the English Queen's daughters, in addition to being excellent needlewomen, are also good cooks. When they were children they had a little kitchen of their own at Osborne, where they concocted all kinds of dishes, sweets being naturally the favorites. Here they are converted into jam fruit out of their own gardens, and turned out many a savory dish for the delectation of their brothers, all of whom had as excellent appetites as generally appertain to boys. At least one of the Princesses still continues to cook an occasional little plat, and has been heard to say that she would have made an excellent chef.

Masculinities.

"Nebber call a bad man a liah," says Brother Watkins. "Yo' might talk yo'self to death."

Nodd: Four of my wife's relatives are staying at my house at present. Todd: Where are you staying?

"I do not believe that I have a friend in the world." "So you have been trying to borrow money, too, have you?"

Colonel John S. Mosby claims that he invented the phrase, "The Solid South," and that he used it first on August 12, 1870, in advocating the election of General Hayes.

One of the oldest love letters in the world is a proposal of marriage for the hand of an Egyptian Princess. It is in the British Museum, and is in the form of an inscribed brick about 3500 years old.

An Iowa man bet $10 that he could ride the flywheel in a sawmill. When his widow paid the bet she remarked, sympathetically: William was a good, kind husband, but he didn't know much about fly wheels.

Little Johnny says he likes his Sunday school better than he does his day school. In Sunday school, he says, when he does anything the teacher only says: "I wouldn't do that, Johnny;" but in the day school out comes the ruler.

Sandy: Peggy, am sayin', Peggy, wull a kiss yer cheek?

Peggy: If ye dae I'll skreich.

Sandy: Oh, dinna skreich!

Peggy: An' don't you kiss me on the mooth, becus if ye did a couldna skreich!

It is said that when William Dean Howells, the novelist, decides to write a novel on any particular phase of life he orders all the clippings on that subject that can be found, and the incidents thus obtained furnish the groundwork of the story.

Thirteen postal cards delivered at one time to the Chief of Police of Kansas City, Kan., were found to be the first part of a letter, the balance of which on twelve more cards came to him in the next mail, written by some woman who thought she was hoodooed.

"Oh, doctor, I shall never recover!" "On the contrary; you are bound to recover. The statistics show that out of a hundred cases one gets well, and, as I have already attended ninety-nine which have ended fatally, you must recover. Statistics never go wrong."

A story is told of a literary man who spent two months talking good marketable literary matter into a phonograph, and then, when he attempted to have his work transcribed to manuscript, he discovered that the machine was out of order, and his two months' labor was lost.

A jury in London has granted nominal damages against the Chairman of a corporation meeting who refused to put a motion offered by one of the members. The damages would have been substantial if a commercial loss could have been proved. The case is to be appealed.

A college has a right to feel proud that has given its diploma to one President of the United States, two Vice Presidents, one Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, four Associate Justices, seventeen members of the Cabinet, twenty-five Governors, 117 Judges of State Courts, 130 members of Congress, seventeen Ministers to foreign countries, not to mention thousands of educated men in all the learned professions. That is the handsome record of Princeton University.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate, of New York, at a dinner, when he and Mrs. Choate sat at the same table, was asked who he would prefer to be if he could not be himself. He hesitated for a moment, apparently running over in his mind the great ones on earth, when his eyes fell upon Mrs. Choate, who was at the other end of the table looking at him with intense interest depicted in her face, and he suddenly replied, "If I could not be myself, I should like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband!"

A Chicago burglar said to Sheriff Pease the other day: "I've cracked more than seventy safes in my time. But I've never used anything except powder, dynamite and nitro-glycerine. If I live to finish this bit at Joliet I'll do a little work afterward that will astonish the boys. I can cut through almost any safe in Chicago inside of two hours with electricity and without making enough noise to waken a cat. I got that pointer from the electrical display at the World's Fair, and I've been working at it ever since. It is entirely feasible. I'll prove it to you by-and-by."

Pope Leo XIII, it is known, has a very nervous temperament, and this, added to his incessant work and exertions, renders him liable to frequent insomnia. He has not slept lately much more than two hours a night. When sleep does not come to him he composes Latin verses, or calls one of his secretaries and dictates to him, in his bedroom, sentences for documents or for encyclical letters, and thus keeps constantly at work. The principal physical trouble with the Pope is that he catches cold easily, which renders him voiceless for a few days, but which does not affect his general health.

Latest Fashion Phases.

The French modiste is considered an authority on corsets, and one of the profession very sensibly announces that this armor should not be placed upon girls before they are 14 or 15 years old, and that even then it should be easy and little burdensome.

As a matter of fact, French women do not lace themselves near so closely as English and American, but their corsets are so well-fitted and their general carriage is so good that they appear much more elegant than their pinched in neighbors.

The general contour of a French woman's figure always retains some semblance of nature, while English, German, and occasionally, alas, American women invest themselves in a long, stiff sort of straight-jacket, which effectually suppresses all vestige of the natural shape and substitutes a rigid triangle, with no more suggestion of suppleness than a wooden doll possesses.

Gowns of checked and striped goods trimmed with velvet are well liked for large and little girls. For the latter, wide collars of embroidery or heavy lace are added. Capes of the same material, with fringes, hoods, etc., often accompany these checked and striped gowns.

Evening coiffures are now very simple. The hair is always waved, and the forehead is more or less shaded and softened by short, soft curls.

It is curious to observe how completely an expensive fashion will disappear for no particular reason that can be ascertained. The cashmere shawl, for instance, which was once the pride and glory of the elegant woman's wardrobe, has dropped into utter obscurity or at best is seen only in the guise of a piano cover, table spread or portiere, unless, indeed, a man or woman is of sufficiently oriental taste to have it made into a dressing gown.

Every bride feels that she must have at least one stylish dinner gown. A very smart model has a gored skirt in shot pink and gray moire finished without garniture.

The fitted decollete bodice of moire has a full V-shaped vest of pink chiffon, ruched at the decolletage, while in both the front and back are waved revers of pink velvet embroidered with jet and pearls, and edged with a narrow plaited frill of pink chiffon. These revers are folded at the shoulders, and cover the back and front of the chiffon sleeves, which are cut in the leg of-mutton shape and embellished with the jet and pearl embroidery. A ceinture of black satin fastens at the front with a small bow of the same.

A swell ball gown of white moire has the skirt lined throughout with pale green satin, and adorned at the foot with five tiny superposed frills of white chiffon.

This skirt can be worn with two bodies, one in white moire and one in pale green satin, matching the skirt lining, and covered with a full bodice of white chiffon finished off with a ruche outlining the decolletage. Over this is a corselet of pearls and rhinestone embroidered lace, rather higher on the right than on the left. The sleeve is a mere strap, on which is arranged a butterfly bow of white chiffon.

The tailor made style of gown is considerably modified from the original type, at least in the French models, to which severe material and a stitched or strapped finish are quite enough to warrant the title. Otherwise they follow nearly all the freaks of the mode, as English tailor made costumes never do.

Cloth is to be exceedingly fashionable this winter both in black and colors. Black cloth skirts will be particularly in evidence, as the fashion of the differing skirt and bodice has by no means disappeared, as some modistes would have it understood. Blouses are little worn, however, coats and boleros having now the preference.

The combination of different whites—snow, cream, oyster and biscuit, with yellower tones also—is much fancied by French taste. Marie Bashkirtseff, the little Russian artist who lived most of her short life in France, exults over such a combination in one of the last entries in her famous journal. Practically, however, the tinted whites are often colors, and one might more truthfully say that white was wedded to pale gray or pale yellow than that two whites were placed together.

The collar of dress goods, silk or satin, coming close against the neck, with no intervening modification, is rapidly approaching the end of its reign. Linen collars and lace or mousseline frills in white or cream have returned to favor, and truly they do look daintier and fresher than the colored neck finishings so long worn. It takes a very white and pretty neck to bear well the sudden contrast of the dark collar, and even then a white or pale intermediate frill is more pleasing and delicate if less striking.

A neat traveling costume is of blue cloth. The skirt opens on the left side, where it is ornamented with motifs of black embroidery and a lengthwise, stitched bias band. The straight sack also opens on the left side and is similarly adorned. The bias sleeve is trimmed at the wrist with a motif of embroidery and and two stitched bands. The high, rolling collar is faced with black velvet and edged with white cloth.

Cashmere designs, embroidered, woven and printed, are still in vogue, and many charming silks and ribbons are of this variety.

There is a decided change in skirts. Although they are still large, the godets in front and at the sides have entirely disappeared, all the fullness being now arranged at the back, so that the present skirt is more like that of 18 months ago than that of six months ago. In almost all cases there is a plain tablier in front, which sometimes laps over the side breadths at the seams, where it is fastened down by a double row of stitchings. In altering an extremely full skirt to the newest style the godets may be removed from the front by ripping the seams of the tablier and trimming off the forward edges of the front side breadths so that they run according to the thread of the goods. The amplitude at the back is gathered at the waist instead of being plaited, and the skirt fits very smoothly and closely at the front and sides. Very light materials, such as gauze, mousseline de sole and tulle, which are used for ball gowns, are frequently gathered all around the top with a number of rows of shirring.

The width of the average skirt is from four to five yards. The measurement varies according to the goods and to the size of the person. Skirts of heavy or thick materials, like velvet, cloth, large ribbed poplins and boucle stuffs, are narrower than those of thinner and lighter fabrics. Much less crinoline and haircloth are used for the interlining, the latter being a little more than a facing now. Skirts are worn noticeably shorter for the street also, which is another advantageous change.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

When flavoring has been forgotten in a pudding or cake the fault may be remedied by rubbing the desired extract over the outside of the cake as soon as it is taken from the oven.

To keep the varnished wood of furniture looking fresh and bright it should be rubbed thoroughly with oil from time to time. Only a little should be used, and that carefully rubbed in with a flannel until it seems to have all gone; otherwise it will catch the dust, and the wood will look worse than if it had been left alone.

Stained borders of floors will require doing over once a year if worn places are not to become noticeable. The stain and varnish may be bought and applied separately, or mixed together and applied at once. The latter is, of course, the readiest method, but the former is perhaps the more lasting.

When polishing mirrors, windows or picture glass with whitening the best way to use it is to have it in muslin bags. Dampen the glass lightly, then rub with the bag and polish off with a crumbled newspaper.

An excellent substitute for potatoes at a dinner is rice, cooked in milk and well salted, put into the dish and browned in the oven. Make a hot lemon sauce and pour it over the rice when it is taken from the oven and just before the dish is sent to the table.

A solution of vinegar and salt is the best thing to clean polished iron as well as copper. Heat the salt and vinegar in the frying pan or other dish. Rub off the stains, then wash it off and scour it with sand soap.

The best remedy against ants is cayenne pepper. Spread it on the shelves of the store closet under the paper that covers them.

The best dress to wear in the kitchen in hot weather is a comfortable loose belted gown of cotton turned back at the throat and made with sleeves that reach only a short distance below the elbow and need not be rolled up.

A remedy against creaking soles is to allow the sole to stand over night on a platter containing a small quantity of olive oil, so that they will become saturated with it. This will protect them against dampness, and if they are carefully wiped off on the sole they will not grease carpets and rugs, though this treatment is intended especially for walking shoes.

The best way to clean a Brussels carpet is to lay it face down on the grass and beat as it lies there, then by the corners drag it over clean grass to brush off the loose dust.

Stains on the fingers from handling potatoes or trimming vegetables or fruits may be readily removed by thoroughly rubbing with an overripe tomato; if a little rotten it acts quicker. A stem of rhubarb or pie plant is equally effective, and may be had from early spring until late in the fall. Either will prove better than soap or anything else, and cheaper than oxalic acid or a rubber brush.

One of the most primitive acts of the household is that of washing dishes. It is a duty that must be performed on an average of at least three times a day in every household in the land. It is strange that inventions that are so rife in all household matters have not yet discovered any improvement over the old method. The methods have been practically the same since the first cook laved in water the sea shell which were the first household dishes.

Nearly every housekeeper has her own theory and practice in washing dishes. Some prefer a coarse cotton cloth, some a linen one, others make over old stockings for the purpose because they are soft, and others hem stiffer linen crash and allow it to become soft with wear. Still others pick up any convenient cloth, without taking the trouble to hem it, and make use of it until it wears out.

There should be at least three towels of linen crash for use in wiping pots, pans and crockery, and four or five towels of finer linen for washing glass, silver and porcelain. These should be put in the wash after a week's use and replaced by others. This compels a supply of at least six crash towels and from eight to ten fine linen towels for regular use.

There are many washing mixtures which produce instantaneous soapsuds when dissolved in hot water. Some of these preparations are to be preferred as more effectual and more convenient than bar soap for general dishwashing. This cannot be too strongly dwelt upon. They are in no way injurious to ordinary china, however objectionable for clothes, and they are more effectual in purifying tins and other cooking utensils than ordinary soap. A strong solution of washing soda mixed in boiling water destroys grease and converts the contents of greasy pots and pans into a substance akin to soap, which will act as a purifier of sewer pipes and cesspools instead of clogging them up.

The small bits of soap left from laundry work may be dissolved with boiling water into a semi-liquid condition of soft soap. This is more easily made into soapsuds than bar soap. The use of a dishmop has everything to commend it, as hotter water can be used by this contrivance than when an ordinary dishcloth is used. There should be a large dishpan to wash dishes in, and a drain and rack to put them on in order to rinse them off with boiling water. Some people prefer two dishpans, but where it is possible to simplify the number of utensils used it is always best to do so. It is probable that the day is not far distant when the dishwashers that are so successfully used in the larger hotels may be introduced with practical value into our kitchens.

Enough cannot be said in condemnation of the last practice. No one can properly respect a dish-cloth made of such a nondescript material, and it is one of the first duties of a houseworker to learn to respect her dish-cloth and keep it scrupulously clean and free from those dangerous germs of disease that too often lurk in the disreputable rags used for this purpose. There should be a supply of hemmed, or, if you prefer, doubled dish-cloths in every household.

These not only should be washed out daily, but should be weekly sent to the general wash to be boiled or scalded with the other white clothes, and a fresh supply should replace them in the kitchen. In this way two sets of dish-cloths are used in weekly rotation. The objection to the strong dish-cloths, knitted out of candlewick, is that they hold dirt and cannot be as easily purified as a dish cloth of linen crash. The heaviest stair crash should be selected for this purpose. It will be stiff for a short time, but will soon be soft. It will wear longer than any other material.

An essential article of the kitchen for use of persons with sensitive hands is a liquid to counteract the action of the alkalies of strong soda on the hand. One of the best preparations consists of equal parts of citric acid and glycerine mixed together and kept near the sink. As soon as the dishes are washed, wash the hands carefully in a wash dish in a little clear warm water so as to remove all traces of the soapsuds of the dishpan. Dry the hands and rub them carefully with a little of the preparation of citric acid and glycerine and dry the hands with a soft towel. By this means the most sensitive hands may be kept white and soft and free from chafing in the coldest weather. In default of anything else a little vinegar and cream will act satisfactory, and there will be no stamp left upon the hands of the ever-recurring task of the dishpan.

Sponge Sandwich.—Ingredients: Four eggs, half a pound of soft sugar, half a pound of flour, two tablespoonfuls of milk, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of lemon essence. Mode: Put the sugar in a basin, beat the eggs among it (it is better to break each egg into a cup to see if it is fresh), whisk them either with two forks or a whisk for fifteen minutes. Then sift in the flour and mix gently; add the baking powder and milk, then the lemon essence. Have two sandwich tins carefully rubbed with butter and then dusted with sugar; divide the mixture between the two tins, and bake in a moderate oven till ready (the cake should be a golden color on the top), turn out on a wire stand, cover the side which was to the tin with jam, put the two cakes together, and cut in pieces.

ECONOMIC VALUE OF BIRDS.—The economic value of birds is untold. This fact might be placed beyond dispute, if it were possible to prepare two tables—one showing how many wire-worms it would take to destroy a mile of turnips, how many grubs to ravage the wheat-harvests of a dozen farms, how many insects to strip the leafy glades of a forest bare, how many to spoil the fruits of wide orchards—the other recording the fact that these very numbers of insects are eaten by a few humble birds in the course of the year.

That the result would be conclusive evidence of the birds' value may be safely foretold by a glance at a few facts which have already been brought to bear upon the question.

In the spring, when there are clamorous young birds in the nest, the house-sparrow returns every three or four minutes, each time bearing spoils in the shape of insect food.

Calculated at its lowest possible value—that is, allowing only one insect to each journey—this thankless task represents tens of thousands of captured insects as the work of one pair of birds in one month. Swift fliers like the swallow that hawk for food in the air may rank higher—they slay hundreds of thousands.

The author quotes an instance which will show how far below the maximum is computation. "One day a martin dropped a cargo of flies out of his mouth on to my hat just as it was about to be distributed to the nestlings.

"A magnifying-glass revealed a countless mass of tiny insects, some still alive and struggling." Who could vie with the birds in such feats as these? It is a sorry sight to see men trying to do their work.

One gardener, by dint of continued watchfulness and patient endeavor, with his own two eyes, dim compared with those of a bird, and his own ten fingers, clumsy in such work in comparison with a bird's beak, may contrive to cope with the insects in a conservatory; but a hundred men, each argus-eyed and equipped with the arms of an octopus, could not protect the crops on a large farm. The arts and the crafts and the sciences also have tried, but they fail to supply any insect-killer half so effective as a flock of hungry birds.

EVERY.—Every man who is fond of preaching economy to his wife, should ask himself how often he practises that self-denial in little personal expenditures which he is constantly and oracularly recommending to her. Women have sharp eyes for those little injustices, and they do much toward lessening their respect and love for such advisers; for respect and love, with a woman worth loving, cannot be divorced.

A Woful Wager.

BY H. W.

"SIX pairs."

"Long ones, ten buttons and Suedes."

"You can choose for yourself."

"Done."

"Oh, you will back out."

"I!" indignantly. "No, indeed; I have been longing for it for days."

"All right, then, I take the bet."

"Hallos!" chimed in a third voice from the other end of the room, "what are you two up to now?"

The girl laughed.

"I thought you were too deep in politics to be listening," she said, "but if you want to know Stanley has just bet me six to one——"

"That she won't walk down the Grand Rue at noonday in the fisher girl costume she admires so much," interrupted Stanley.

Percy Rivers threw his paper on the ground, rose, and crossed the room.

"What nonsense is this?" he asked sternly, facing his younger brother and sister.

Ethel shrugged her shoulders.

"You are always a spoil sport, Percy," she said plaintively; "it is as dull as ditch water with you stepping in to stop every bit of fun.

"Where's the harm in this? I dare say, for all your long face and priggish manner, that you had plenty of larks in your time."

Percy's brows grew sterner.

"Am I to understand, Ethel," he said, "that you propose masquerading here in a foreign town?"

Ethel nodded.

"Call it what you like," she said doggedly, "I am going to dress up as a fishwife; the costume is most becoming. Stan can withdraw his bet; I shall do it just the same."

"I forbid you, Ethel."

A defiant look answered him.

"We'll see," she said saucily. "I'm off to consult madame." And with a glance at Stanley she left the room.

"How could you be so senseless, Stanley?" said his brother angrily as the door closed. "Now she will carry out this ridiculous farce."

"Don't fly into a passion;" Percy," returned the young fellow calmly. "I had no idea she was really in earnest."

Then as his senior paced the floor:

"After all, it is nothing very dreadful."

"When does this mad performance take place?" asked Percy, stopping short.

Stanley shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, Ethel will settle that."

"Look here," said Percy grimly, "I wash my hands of you both, but I depend on you. Stanley, to keep her out of any scrape this tomfoolery leads to."

"All right, old fellow, but you can be easy. Ethel won't come to grief."

Miss Rivers, in the meanwhile, was closeted in madame's sanctum behind the shop.

The Lenoirs were jewelers, but mother and daughter would have found their income precarious enough without the money accruing from the first and second floors, now occupied by the Riverses.

It was policy, therefore, to be obliging, so though Mme Lenoir was shocked at the proposed escapade, and inwardly apostrophized the English as "a mad lot," she expressed great interest.

"I think I can find mademoiselle the dress she requires," she said, all smiles and smirks.

"You dear woman!" exclaimed Ethel delighted. "How? Where? Of course, it must be new."

Madame nodded.

"Leonie," addressing her daughter, "Josephine would lend hers, eh?"

"What?" cried Leonie shrilly. "Her wedding dress—never!"

Madame regarded Ethel.

"Mademoiselle would be very careful of it, would she not?" she said.

"Oh, yes," replied the young lady eagerly. "I only want it for an hour. But will it fit me?"

The French woman surveyed Ethel from top to toe critically.

"Yes," she said, "mademoiselle is the same height."

Then with a wink at Leonie:

"How much will mademoiselle pay for the loan?"

"The cost is the least part," replied the girl quickly. "I leave that to you, dear madame."

Madame's arched eyebrows and hand gesture said plainly: "The folly of these people!" and she instantly resolved to take advantage of the said folly to do a stroke of business on her own account, independently of the "commission" she intended to charge Josephine when the bargain was concluded.

"I will send about the costume at once," she said aloud. "And, Josephine, if she consents, shall brings bring it to show mademoiselle this evening. It is all complete except——"

"Except what?" interrupted Ethel eagerly, as madame paused, while Leonie looked wonderingly at her mother.

"The long earrings," replied the Frenchwoman suavely. "Mademoiselle knows they are an essential part of the dress, and Josephine would not care to lend them——"

"But——" began Leonie.

A frown from madame cut her short.

"Mademoiselle must buy a pair of real gold ones," suggested the shrewd tradeswoman, with a triumphant glance at her daughter; and leading the unresisting Ethel into the shop, she showed her several pairs of handsome earrings.

"You ninny," said madame to Leonie, with a reproving shake of the head, when Ethel, having selected, ran off with her treasures. "You ninny, will you ever learn to open your mouth for the ripe fruit to tumble in it?"

The Boulognaise fish girl proved ready to oblige the English lady, and Ethel was summoned downstairs that evening.

"This is Josephine, Mees Etel," said madame, by way of introduction, pointing to a young girl in stiff-brimmed white cap and scarlet petticoat.

"It is very good of you to lend me your dress," said Ethel, with a smile.

Josephine began untying a brown paper parcel.

"See, mademoiselle," she said proudly, placing each article over a chair; "see, everything fresh and new."

"They are your wedding things," said Etqel, fingering the bodice.

The fish girl reddened.

"We are to be married next week," she said simply.

"And what will Antoine say to your lending your finery?" broke in Leonie's high treble voice.

Josephine's face clouded.

"Hold your tongue," cried madame to her daugher; "Antoine is not such a fool; he will think a handful of francs payment enough."

Josephine looked from one to the other hesitatingly, but Ethel, unheeding the dispute, slipped on the petticoat.

"Did I not tell mademoiselle it would be the right size," exclaimed Mme. Lenoir triumphantly—"eh, Josephine?"

But Josephine kept her eyes on the ground.

"Their figures are exactly alike," continued madame, nodding her head in approval at both supple, graceful forms.

Ethel gathered up the rest of the apparel in her arms.

"Stop a moment, mam'selle," said Josephine, touching her. "Antoine is strange; he may be vexed, as Mademoiselle Leonie suggested just now."

"You won't lend them?" Ethel's voice was plaintive.

Madame came to her rescue.

"You can't disappoint Mees Etel after it has been arranged, she said to Josephine. "Antoine need not know unless you are so silly as to tell him, and the money will come in useful."

A smile crept round the corners of Josephine's lips.

"Take the things, mam'selle," she cried; and Ethel, promising to return them the following evening, slipped away.

About 11 o'clock next morning a tap at Stanley's door made him open it. He stared for a moment, then uttered a long drawn whistle.

"Well, do I look nice?" demanded his sister gleefully.

"Capital!" and he laughed heartily.

"How did you manage it so soon? But, Ethel," and his tone was serious, "mind your p's and q's, don't look about you."

She nodded.

"I shall go straight down the Grande Rue to the quay, pop in upon the Stuarts, and back again; while I am gone, Stan, you can buy the gloves. Au revoir!" And kissing her hand, she descended the stairs.

Percy, coming up, almost knocked against her. He started at the gay apparition. Then he recognized Ethel.

"Good heavens!" he groaned, but before he could say more the bird had flown into madame's parlor.

Percy hesitated a moment, and walked into Stanley's room.

"What's up?" asked the young fellow.

"I have just met Ethel in that ridiculous toggery," answered Percy irately. "You will please follow her and see that she does not get into mischief, do you hear?"

But Percy, returning to his study, could not settle himself to his work. Ethel had neither father nor mother; little control as he possessed over her, he was still the responsible party.

The thought of possible insult to his madcap sister so disturbed him that he resolved to go after her himself. An unexpected call, however, detained him from putting his resolution into immediate action.

In the parlor Ethel had been duly admired and flattered.

"But mademoiselle's hands will betray her," said Mme. Lenior. "They are far too white and delicate. Leonie, fetch a basket. There," as the desired article arrived, "mademoiselle can tuck them under her shawl round the basket. So—that's better."

Thus equipped, Ethel set off.

"She is as like Josephine as two peas from behind," said madame, watching the girl.

"If only Antoine does not catch sight of her?" murmured Leonie, with a frown.

Ethel threaded her way through the throng of people usual at that hour of the day in the Grande Rue, and though she looked neither to the right nor to the left, she was aware of the many curious glances, smiles, and nods directed at her.

Her heart beat loudly, partly excitement, partly fear of recognition or being accosted. She gained the Stuart's house without molestation.

Husband and wife were just sitting down to the noon breakfast when a grinning maid ushered in Ethel.

"Ethel!" screamed Mrs. Stuart, "what mad freak is this?"

The Captain, who had not penetrated the disguise as quickly as his wife, now looked grave.

"My dear young lady," he said, "how could you do anything so risky?"

Ethel explained the joke, but her friends shook their heads. How could Percy have allowed it!

She sat subdued and dispirited for a few moments, and rose to depart.

"Yes, get back as quickly as you can, you silly child," said Mrs. Stuart.

The return journey had lost its zest; the flavor had gone from the fun. Ethel, as she went swiftly along the quay, was more alive than ever to the comments of the passers-by, and the glances of other fish girls.

The bright color in her cheeks had given place to pallor, a longing to be safe again at home seized her. How far off the Grande Rue was!

Absorbed in herself, she had not noticed a lithe, dark-browned young fisherman following her at a distance, a sinister, jealous gleam in his black eyes.

But as by degrees he came closer, an instinctive feeling warned her of his neighborhood. He tried to see her face, but Ethel looked straight before her.

Turning a corner, she came face to face with Percy. A sigh of relief escaped her; she grasped at his offered arm. Before she could take it, a strong hand pushed her aside, a glint of steel flashed in the sunlight, a savage oath, and a knife was buried in Percy's shoulder.

Ethel screamed. At the sound the hot-blooded Gascon staggered back, pale and trembling. He stared at her.

"Antoine, you fool," shouted the bystanders, collected at the fray, "you have killed the Englishman! The girl is his sister!"

They carried the injured man to the nearest surgeon.

Fortunately for Ethel's stricken conscience the wound was not dangerous. During Percy's tedious convalescence she was a devoted nurse, but she never thinks of that day without a shudder at the possible consequences of that woful wager.

AMERICAN MELODIES.

The great sentimental ditty of the ante-war period was undoubtedly "Ben Bolt." The untimely death of something lovable and beautiful was the usual theme of the song of sentiment in those days, though it varied occasionally in order to picture the heart havoc caused by the separation of slave-lovers. A very touching incident truly.

"Belt Bolt," written by Thomas Dunn English, was an enormous success all over the country, and was as well known in England as in America:

"Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown;
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?"

And we all know what an impetus "Trilby" has recently given to this old favorite.

Other songs, sung by minstrel and other troupes, that swept through the country like a cyclone, were "Nelly Gray" and "Oh, Susannah!" both depicting the suffering of slave lovers:

"My charming Nelly Gray,
They have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more,"

was heard on every side, and vouched for by all sorts of singers.

"Oh, dear Susannah" was more in the comic vein, and the request, "Don't you cry for me," was based on the consoling fact that "I'm going to Alabama with a banjo on my knee."

"Uncle Ned," that curious old negro we all knew in our youth, was of earlier growth, and may still be met with in old-fashioned places occasionally.

Dan Emmet's "Dixie" and Foster's "Swanee River" (which has been revived again quite recently in London) have proved the most prominent and lasting of the ante-war melodies.

Stephen Cotton Foster, who so happily caught the negro musical methods and eccentricities, was one of the most popular song writers that America ever had.

He was born of Irish parents near Pittsburg, Pa., on July 4th, 1826, and died in New York, January 13th, 1864.

He wrote the words and music of such old-time favorites as "The Old Folks at Home," "Willie, we have missed you," "Oh! Susannah," "Come where my love lies dreaming," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," "Uncle Ned," "Old Dog Tray," and a good many more.

As regards the composition of the favorite Confederate air, "Dixie," many conflicting accounts have been given, but it seems quite certain that it was not as has been supposed of Southern origin.

The song is said to have been written in New York in 1859 by Daniel Emmet, at that time a principal member of Bryant's Minstrels, as a "grand walk around" for their entertainment.

The familiar expression upon which the song was founded was not a Southern phrase, but first appeared among circus people of the North.

Emmet traveled with many of these companies when "the South" was considered by showmen to be all routes below Mason and Dixon's line.

As the cold weather approached the performers would think of the genial warmth of the section they were headed for, and the exclamation would be, "Well, I wish I was in Dixie."

The remembrance of this gave Emmet the catch line, and the remainder of the song is said to be original.

It was continuously used during the struggle between the North and South, and the rest of the world wondered while half a great nation took up arms to the sound of "John Brown's Soul is Marching on," while the other half answered by defiantly playing "Dixie's Land."

A RARE FLOWER.—Alexandre Dumas, whose life and death have been largely commented often had his moments of laxity, and on such occasions he could be jocular, though only in a very ponderous way.

Practical jokes tickled his fancy the most, though why it is difficult to say, for he himself invariably tumbled into the trap he had prepared for others.

One of his few friends was Meissonier, the famous painter, whose love of botany and horticulture was proverbial.

To him, it is related, came Dumas one day with the dried roe of a herring, or, as he termed it, a seed-pod of that extremely rare exotic the Grandiflora aurora borealis, of which he begged Meissonier's acceptance.

The painter was profuse in his thanks, said he had heard of the Aurora Borealis before, and promised to plant the seeds and to tend the young exotics, when they come up, with all care and skill in his power. Dumas ran off to his "den" to chuckle, but, alas, Meissonier was too much for him, after all, for this joke ended the same way as all his others. The seeds indeed were planted, and the Aurora Borealis came up; but, when Dumas called a week later to see how matters were getting on, the artist took him to a corner of his garden, and there were two dozen red herrings with their heads just peeping from the ground.

Humorous.

CURIOUS RHYMES.

What is earth, sexton?—A place to dig graves;
You tell me, rich man?—A place to work slaves;
You tell me, gray-beard?—A place to grow old;
You tell me, miser?—A place to dig gold;
You tell me, school-boy?—A place for my play;
You tell me, maiden?—A place to be gay;
You tell me, seamstress?—A place where I weep;
You tell me, sluggard?—A good place to sleep;
You tell me, soldier?—A place for a battle;
You tell me, herdsman?—A place to raise cattle;
You tell me, widow?—A place of true sorrow;
You tell me, tradesman?—I'll tell you to-morrow;
You tell me, sick man?—'Tis nothing to me;
You tell me, sailor?—My home is the sea;
You tell me, statesman?—A place to win fame,
You tell me, author?—I'll write there my name;
You tell me, monarch?—For my realm 'tis given;
You tell me, Christian?—The gateway of Heaven.

—U. N. Nonz.

Hack work—Driving a cab.

Up to date—The calendar.

Just out of range—Fresh bread.

Heavy money—Five-pound notes.

A turnip patch—Repairing a watch.

The telescope manufacturer is a far-seeing individual.

The man who has an eye to business—The optician.

The bookbinder will tell you that all novels are bound to sell.

A surplus stock of nothing, with no place to put it in—Chaos.

Advice to speculators in stocks and shares—"Bear" things patiently.

If one leads an even existence, what is one to do with the odd moments?

A cycler ran into a policeman yesterday and was fined for going against the law.

When it comes to spouting, the tinsmith ought to make a great campaign orator.

Doctor: I must forbid all brain work.
Poet: But may I not write some verses?
Doctor: Oh, certainly!

What is the difference between a pastrybook and a bill-sticker?—One puffs up paste, the other pastes up puffs.

A boy says his teacher told him that if he brought his bicycle to school she wouldn't be responsible for his safety.

A careless compositor caused a paper in Maine to announce that "scarlet fever of a benevolent type" was prevalent in that city.

Old friend: Hallo! So you are in trade now—eh? Why did you retire from literature?
De Writer: Got hungry.

She: Why does a woman take a man's name when she gets married?
He: Why does she take everything else he has?

Wife: What a happy-looking couple those two are! I wonder how long they've been married!
Husband: Oh, they're only engaged.

Small boy, witnessing an operetta in which the hero embraces a very plain heroine: I wonder why he did that? I think he must be a very kind man—don't you?

Muggins: I am afflicted with lung trouble.
Buggins: Why, you look all right!
Muggins: Oh, it isn't me. We have got twins at our house.

A gentleman, visiting a church, asked the sexton whether people ever used it for private prayer.

"I ketch'd two of 'em at it once," was the man's reply.

Mrs. Newlywed: Your pugilistic friend has extraordinary ideas in making presents.
Mr. Newlywed: What makes you think so?
Mrs. Newlywed: I heard him say that he gave some one a left handed swing.

Jeweler: The first time you brought this watch in here to be repaired it was in a gold case. The second time it was in a silver case, and now it's in a brass case.
Customer: Yes; circumstances alter cases.

Mr. Knowall, laughingly: Can you tell me, Miss De Witte, what is the difference between a wise man and a fool?
Miss De Witte: A wise man knows he is a fool, and is miserable; the fool thinks he is wise, and is happy.

Jonley: Yes, sir, I was once in a balloon with a crazy man. I don't suppose you can even imagine the horror of such an experience.
Jinley: I don't know about that. I've gone up in an elevator with a small boy running it.

Lady, to shopwalker, who has accompanied her through various departments to the front door: I'm sure you are very attentive. Did you think I could not find my way out again?
Shopwalker: Well, it wasn't exactly that, ma'am. You see, we've missed so many things lately, that we've got to be very careful.

ODD BEVERAGES.

A curious beverage is that known as kephir, drunk by the people in Caucasus. This is effervescing milk, the effervescence being caused by the introduction into the milk of horny yellowish-brown masses known as "kephir-grains."

When these grains are moistened they swell up into lumps of a gelatinous consistency.

Kern, a scientific observer, studied the nature of these grains from a scientific point of view, and found that they were made up of a rod-like bacterium and a yeast living together on terms of mutual advantage.

On their introduction into the milk, a series of fermentative changes were immediately set up, and the milk was broken up into its constituents.

Lactic acid was produced, together with a little alcohol, and a large quantity of carbonic acid gas, the presence of the last named being, of course, the cause of the effervescence.

Koumiss, or kumis, is a similar beverage of effervescing milk. On the Asiatic steppes, the milk usually employed is that of the mares, though the milk of goats and asses is often used too.

To European notions, koumiss made with the milk of mares or goats has a very unpleasant smell, though koumiss made with cow's milk is more palatable.

This drink is credited nowadays with valuable nutritive properties in many wasting diseases.

Lovers of the fragrant cup of tea, as we know it, would scarcely recognize their favorite drink were they invited to partake it with their Tibetan brethren, who are no less devoted to tea, made after their own particular fashion.

Brick-tea, made at best of the offscouring and dust of tea-leaves, and stems of the tea-plants (though more often of any worthless plant-dust), is used by them, instead of the crisp curly tea-leaves we employ.

It derives its name from the dust being dressed into hard, solid, brick-shaped lumps, from which pieces are chipped when tea is to be made.

The infusion obtained from brick-tea is harsh, intensely strong and stimulating, and instead of being served with milk and sugar, it is commonly flavored with mutton-fat and salt.

However nauseous the resulting liquid may seem to European nations, the Tartars themselves drink large quantities with great relish; and after finishing their cups of tea they end by eating up the residue of tea-dust as a dainty. Substitutes for tea have been found at different times by settlers in out-of-the-way places.

Thus in Tasmania and the Falkland Islands the leaves of certain myrtles have been used to make "tea," and from this fact have received the name of "tea-trees." The Tasmanian "tea-tree," is usually a shrub.

The leaves are too aromatic to produce a really satisfactory infusion. The "tea-tree" of the Falkland Islands has less aromatic leaves, which therefore give a more palatable beverage.

The leaves of another variety were used for a similar purpose by the crews of Captain Cook's ships, who found this "tea" passable, though if made too "strong," it had an emetic tendency, as has what we call green tea.

These leaves, if added to spruce leaves in equal quantity, modify the astringency of the beer brewed from the spruce leaves, and much improve its flavor.

Kava, or ava, is a Polynesian intoxicating drink by macerating in water part of the root and stem of one of the piperaceæ. Formerly it was prepared by women who carefully chewed the plant.

Sake is the national beverage of Japan, and until recent years was the only fermented liquor known in that empire.

It is obtained by the distillation of the best kind of rice. In appearance it resembles very pale sherry, though in taste it is somewhat acid.

DRAWN!—A man with a swollen jaw was hastening along one of the principal streets of Boston, when a sign in front of a tall building caught his attention. It was as follows—"Painless extraction of teeth free."

He stopped long enough to note the number of the floor on which the business indicated by the sign was carried on, and then hurried inside and made his way to the dental parlors.

"Is this the place where you pull teeth without pain free?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," said one of the painless extractors on duty.

"Well, I've a grinder that's been giving a good deal of trouble. I wish you'd yank it out."

The sufferer took his place in the chair and opened his mouth.

The operator, after applying to the swollen gum a pungent lotion of some sort, speedily relieved him of the offending molar.

"Thanks," said the caller, rising and picking up his hat.

"That will be fifty cents," remarked the dentist.

"Fifty cents?" echoed the other. "I thought it was free. That's what you told me a minute ago, and it's what you say on your sign."

"Just so. Did it hurt you at all?"

"Yes—it hurt a little."

"That's right. We do our painless extracting free—exactly as we claim. When it hurts, we charge for it. Fifty cents, please."

ANGRY LETTERS.—An angry letter is much fiercer than an angry speech. There the words remain scorching, not to be explained away, not to be atoned for by a kiss—not to be softened down by the word of love that may follow so quickly upon spoken anger.

This at least should be a rule through the letter-writing world, that no angry letter be posted till four-and twenty hours shall have elapsed since it was written.

We all know how absurd is that other rule of saying the alphabet when you are angry. Trash! Sit down and write your letter; write it with all the venom in your power; spit out your spleen at the fullest; it will do you good.

You think you have been injured; say all that you can say with all your poisoned eloquence, and gratify yourself by reading it while your temper is still hot. Then put it in your desk; and, as a matter of course, burn it before breakfast the following morning. Believe me, that you will then have a double gratification.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 28, '85. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, of Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do no know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Lock Haven, Clearfield and Bellefonte Express (Sleeper), daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 2.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.00, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—9.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.30 (dining car) a m, 1.00, 3.55, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.50, 10.09, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.55, 10.32, a m, 12.04, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 8.00, 7.30, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.33, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.24, 8.22, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 6 30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 5.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.34, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 8.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, 10.45 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1.00 Excursion train, 7.00 a m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.01, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 p m. Accommodation, 7.55 a m, 4.31 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 7.00, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 Excursion train (from foot Mississippi avenue only), 6.10 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

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Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

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Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.25 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

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